THE DIAL

A Semi-Monthly Journal of Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

THE DIAL (founded in 1880) is published on the 1st and 16th of each month. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, *$2. a year in advance, postage prepaid in the United States, and Mexico; Foreign and Canadian postage 50 cents per year extra.* REMITTANCES *should be by check, or by express or postal order, payable to THE DIAL COMPANY. Unless otherwise ordered, subscriptions will begin with the current number. When no direct request to discontinue at expiration of subscription is received, it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.* ADVERTISING RATES *furnished on application. All communications should be addressed to*

THE DIAL, Fine Arts Building, Chicago.

Entered as Second-Class Matter October 8, 1892, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879.

No. 598. MAY 16, 1911. *Vol. L.*

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THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

A life of eighty-seven rich years of service — the kind of service that goes hand in hand with ripe scholarship and liberal culture — was ended on the ninth of this month, when Colonel Higginson died at his home in Cambridge. Fittingly, in commemoration of one of the most distinctive aspects of his activity in behalf of human welfare, his body was borne three days later into his old parish church by six members of the race that he had chosen to lead in the Civil War, and whose cause he had championed from the early years of the abolition movement. Just such a life as that which he led, and which fate so happily prolonged, will hardly be possible for any future American, so completely have the conditions which moulded it passed away from our national life. The New England culture of which Higginson was the fine flower is a thing now to be studied in old memoirs rather than by direct observation; its noble tradition of plain living and high thinking is now hardly to be found anywhere. Where, for example, shall we look for families whose parents read to their children the whole series of the "Waverley" novels, or in which boys are made ready to enter Harvard at the age of thirteen? Higginson could boast of both these things, and of many others of like import; it is by reading of them that we come to understand what manner of man he came to be.

Those early days, and the many that came after, were days of serious and unremitting application to worthy tasks, but they do not give us the impression of a child parted from his birthright of natural and wholesome growth. In the retrospect, they appeared to Higginson himself as "Cheerful Yesterdays," and it is clear that he never thought that he would have preferred them to be other than they were. Their cheer was anything but that of carelessness or indolence; it sprang from the consciousness of duties performed and high aims realized. Those yesterdays were strenuous as well as cheerful, as we may read in the record of his militant abolitionism in the pulpit, his active participation in the rescue of fugitive slaves and the conquest of Kansas for freedom, and his leadership of a "black regiment" when the

gage of open battle was cast. The war over and its purposes accomplished — the Union preserved and slavery ended, — he transferred to the arena of civil life all the ardor and energy that he had put to more active uses, and fought for many good causes with tongue and pen no less valiantly than he had been fighting with less spiritual weapons. And the light that ever guided him was that which was apostrophized in his own lines "To Duty":

"Light of dim mornings; shield from heat and cold;
Balm for all ailments; substitute for praise;
Comrade of those who plod in lonely ways
(Ways that wax lonelier as the years wax old);
Tonic for fears; check to the over-bold;
Nurse, whose calm hand its strong restriction lays;
Kind, but resistless, on our wayward days;
Mart, whose high wisdom at vast price is sold."

"Can it be," he says to the ideal thus variously symbolized, "thine other name is Heaven?" The affirmative answer to the question is implicit in every page that he wrote.

Not many years ago, Higginson wrote as follows of his desires for his fellow-countrymen:

"Personally, I should like to live to see international arbitration secured, civil-service reform completed, free trade established; to find the legal and educational rights of the two sexes equalized; to know that all cities are as honestly governed as that in which I dwell; to see natural monoplies owned by the public, not in private hands; to see drunkenness extirpated; to live under absolute as well as nominal religious freedom; to perceive American literature to be thoroughly emancipated from that habit of colonial deference which still hampers it. Yet it is something to believe it possible that, after the progress already made on the whole in these several directions, some future generation may see the fulfilment of what remains."

This statement offers an epitome of the interests of his later life, although it is far from exhaustive, and makes no mention, for example, of his vehement protest against the wanton and wicked policy of imperialism into which our nation was plunged a dozen years ago, to the grief and indignation of all who held fast to the political ideals which had hitherto been their pride. He who had been a fighter against slavery on our own soil could not take any other stand than that of a resolute opponent of such human oppression abroad as that which still weighs intolerably upon the conscience of all Americans of the old-fashioned intellectual build. Some of his ideals are still far from accomplishment, but we can take comfort in knowing that progress has been made along most of the lines specified, and in the thought that an existence which offered no causes worth fighting for would be an insipid and colorless affair.

The story of Higginson's life may be read with much amplitude of detail in his many books. His ancestry was uncompromisingly puritan, and his education began many generations before he was born. He was less than eighteen when he was graduated from Harvard in 1841, and only twenty-three when he left the Divinity School in 1847. His first pastorate was in the Unitarian church of Newburyport, where he preached Garrisonianism to the disgust of such of his parishioners as Francis Todd and Caleb Cushing. In 1852 he organized a free church at Worcester, remaining in charge for six years. His active service in the army was during the years 1862–64, when he resigned for disability, and took up his residence at Newport. In 1878, he removed to Cambridge, where he passed the remainder of his years, except for his lecture journeys and his visits to Europe. He was twice married, and his second wife survives him, together with one daughter.

Higginson's place in American literature is high and altogether honorable. "My literary life, such as it has been," he modestly says, "affords no lesson greatly worth recording, unless it be the facility with which a taste for books be transmitted and accumulated from one generation to another, and then developed into a lifelong pursuit by a literary environment." This is not exactly an adequate statement in which to sum up the productivity of a writer whose published volumes number between thirty and forty, and who must be reckoned as one of the half dozen leading essayists of American literature. One novel, several collections of poems, and numerous biographies and histories, are included in the list, besides the dozen or more volumes of essays in the form of comment and reminiscence. So graceful and polished a writer in this kind is now hardly left to us, or one so stimulating, so rich in suggestiveness, or so inspired by the highest ideals of thought and conduct. With Higginson's death, the chapter of our older New England literature is indeed closed. We may no longer look to the neighborhood of Boston for our literary veterans, but must turn rather to New York, where Mr. John Bigelow is living at an unaccountable age, and Mr. Andrew D. White still ripens in wisdom; or to Philadelphia, where Dr. S. Weir Mitchell has safely rounded the eighties, and Dr. Horace H. Furness is fast nearing them. Such geographical shiftings of interest are not the least important features in the history of any literature.

A FAMOUS POEM AND ITS AUTHOR.

In the well-known anthology of "Famous Single and Fugitive Poems," edited by Mr. Rossiter Johnson and published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. (New York, 1880), appear these familiar lines:

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

"Oh, where will be the birds that sing,
A hundred years to come?
The flowers that now in beauty spring,
A hundred years to come?
The rosy lip, the lofty brow,
The heart that beats so gayly now,—
Oh, where will be love's beaming eye,
Joy's pleasant smile and sorrow's sigh,
A hundred years to come?

"Who 'll press for gold this crowded street,
A hundred years to come?
Who 'll tread yon church with willing feet,
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth,
And childhood with its brow of truth,
The rich and poor, on land and sea,—
Where will the mighty millions be,
A hundred years to come?

"We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years to come;
No living soul for us shall weep,
A hundred years to come;
But other men our lands shall till,
And others then our streets shall fill,
While other birds shall sing as gay,
As bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come."

As has happened with many another famous fugitive poem, the authorship of this one has been made a matter of dispute. It has been "cribbed" unconscionably, and has appeared in print under a wildly assorted variety of names, from that of its real author to that of C. F. Browne ("Artemus Ward" the humorist!). In Mr. Johnson's anthology the poem is credited to William Goldsmith Brown; and with this for a starting-point an attempt is now made to search out the history of the poem and establish the facts of its origin. A note to the poem, in the volume referred to, says that it was "published originally in 'The Mother's Journal,' Philadelphia." A search in the Periodical Division of the Library of Congress has resulted in the discovery of the poem in the "Mother's Journal and Family Visitant" for November, 1848 (Vol. 13, No. 11, p. 332), where, as afterwards in Mr. Johnson's anthology, it was attributed to William Goldsmith Brown. This establishes an early date of its publication, but probably not the earliest; as it is believed to have appeared previously in a newspaper at Brandon, Vt., with which Mr. Brown was connected and in which many of his poems were first published. A manuscript copy of the poem, in his handwriting, is still preserved, dated by him 1839.

It would seem strange that a poem which has been a popular favorite for more than half a century, whose authorship was established by publication sixty years ago and confirmed repeatedly in standard anthologies and books of various kinds, including the Biographical Record of the Kappa Alpha Society of its author's college (Williams), should now have its authorship questioned. But it is questioned, and in a way that cannot be ignored. A volume entitled "The Fugitives, a Sheaf of Verses, by H. L. Spencer" (St. John, N. B., 1909) has been published, in which, in large and assertive print, we find, as the opening poem, "A Hundred Years to Come." A few pages of biography, by A. M. Belding, give some details of Mr. Spencer's life, in which we are informed that "there has even been a dispute as to the authorship of his most famous poem, 'A Hundred Years to Come,' whose pathos and haunting melody have made it one of the immortals in the realms of American verse." Mr. Spencer was born in 1829; and in 1848—the year when this poem was published under Mr. Brown's name in the Philadelphia magazine—he was a bookseller's clerk in Rutland, Vt., not far from where Mr. Brown then lived. The production of such a poem by a youth of nineteen would have been indeed remarkable. We understand Mr. Spencer is still living; and while we would not willingly disturb the repose and feebleness of his advanced age by a controversy which must needs involve a question of personal integrity, yet the issue is one which he himself has raised, and the examination of it becomes unavoidable. We shall give only an outline of the known facts in the case.

Over fifty years ago there was published a very interesting anthology, known to all literary Vermonters, called "Poets and Poetry of Vermont," compiled by Abby Maria Hemenway (Rutland, 1858). In this book, William Goldsmith Brown is represented by four poems, one of which, entitled "Vermont," is the opening piece of the volume, and another is "A Hundred Years to Come." In the same volume Mr. H. L. Spencer is represented by a single piece, which is called "Rosa Bell." If Mr. Spencer was, as he now claims, the author of "A Hundred Years to Come," it seems strange that he should not have been represented by that poem in this anthology, instead of by a greatly inferior piece, while the poem which he now claims as his was allowed to appear in the same volume under the name of a different author—apparently with no protest from him; as a "Revised Edition" of the book appeared a few years later, in Boston, with no change in the authorship of this poem. And if his claim is true, what, it may be asked, would the astute and vigilant Miss Hemenway have been doing while such a literary fraud was perpetrated under her editorial nose? With ample opportunity for knowing all the facts, she evidently had confidence in Mr. Brown, as her preface gives him special mention for his aid in the preparation of her collection.

Miss Hemenway's volume incidentally furnishes the key to further and more important evidence. In a biographical note on Mr. Spencer, she mentions that he "published a small volume of poems

in Rutland in 1850." This volume has been discovered in the Harris Collection of Brown University Library—in which, if anywhere, obscure books of American verse may be found; and an examination of it (Poems by Hiram Ladd Spencer, Rutland, 1850) shows that it does not contain "A Hundred Years to Come," which Mr. Spencer now claims to have written several years earlier, but that it does contain the following:

THE YEARS.

"Oh, where will be the birds that sing,
When a hundred years are flown?
The sweet flowers that are blossoming,
When a hundred years are gone?
The happy child,
The spirit wild,
The silvery tone
Of some loved one,
Oh, where will be the spirit free
And the smiles of love that now we see,
When a hundred years are gone?

"And who will know where we have dwelt,
When a hundred years have flown?
What thrill of grief and joy we've felt,
When a hundred years are gone?
Our smiles and tears,
Our hopes and fears,
Our hours of grief,
Of pleasure brief;
Oh, who will note our smiles and tears,
Our joys and griefs, our hopes and fears,
When a hundred years are flown?

"Our graves will all forgotten be
When a hundred years are flown;
No one will think of you or me,
When a hundred years are gone;
And our bright dreams,
Like summer beams,
Will all decay
And pass away;
And this gay world will busy be,
And give no thought to you or me,
When a hundred years are flown."

There is little that need be said after reading these lines. The question of the authorship of "A Hundred Years to Come" remains where it was before Mr. Spencer made his unfortunate appearance as a claimant. The derivation of his piece—published two years after Mr. Brown's had appeared in print—is obvious to anyone who will take the trouble to compare the two. How they became confused in the mind of the author of the later one—whether by some trick of a sportive and giddy muse, a gradual obsession of the mental faculties with confusion of optical and ethical perceptions, a mix-up in the functions of absorption and reconstruction, so that from taking one poem as the model for another he came by degrees to fancy he had written both, or was unable to tell just which one he did write,—these are matters we are not especially concerned with here. The essential thing is to have settled a question as to the authorship of an admired poem long a favorite and likely long to remain a favorite with lovers of simple and genuine poetry.

William Goldsmith Brown, the author of this poem, was born in Whitingham, Vermont, in 1812, was educated at Williams College, and spent many of his mature years as a teacher and an editor in his native State and in Massachusetts. He began writing verse at an early age, and kept it up through life. Hundreds of his poems have been printed in newspapers and periodicals, and some of them—like "A Hundred Years to Come" and "Mother, Home, and Heaven"—have been set to music, and have found, as song or poem, a warm place in the people's heart. The one last named, though long familiar, may be given space here.

MOTHER, HOME, AND HEAVEN.

"Three words fall sweetly on my soul,
As music from an angel's lyre,
That bid my spirit spurn control,
And upward to its source aspire;
The sweetest sounds to mortals given
Are heard in Mother, Home, and Heaven.

"Dear Mother!—ne'er shall I forget
Thy brow, thine eye, thy pleasant smile;
Though in the sea of death hath set
Thy star of life, my guide awhile,
Oh, never shall thy form depart
From the bright pictures in my heart.

"And like a bird that from the flowers
Wing-weary seeks her wonted nest,
My spirit, e'en in manhood's hours,
Turns back in childhood's Home to rest;
The cottage, garden, hill, and stream,
Still linger like a pleasant dream.

"And while to one engulfing grave
By Time's swift tide we 're driven,
How sweet the thought that every wave
But bears us nearer Heaven!
There we shall meet, when life is o'er,
In that blest Home, to part no more."

Reference has been made in this article to Mr. Brown's opening poem in the "Poets and Poetry of Vermont," in which he pays sincere and eloquent tribute to his native State. This stirring piece, written and published more than sixty years ago, may be said to be the accepted State poem of Vermont; and few States can lay claim to a better one. It is so fine in spirit and so strong in expression that it seems well worth giving here as illustrating another phase of its author's poetic powers.

VERMONT.

"Land of the river and the rock,
Of lofty hill and lowly glen,
Live thunderbolts thy mountains mock;
Well hast thou nursed by tempests' shock
Thy race of iron men.

"Far from the city's crowded mart,
From Fashion's shrine and Mammon's show,
With beaming eye and loving heart
In cottage homes they dwell apart,
Free as the winds that blow.

"Of all the sister States that make
This mighty Union broad and strong,
From Southern gulf to Northern lake,
There 's none that Autumn days awake
To sweeter harvest song.

"And when the cold winds round them blow,
Father, and son, and aged sire,

Defiant of the drifting snow,
With hearts and hearths alike aglow,
Laugh round their wintry fire.

. . . . . .

"When Freedom from her home was driven,
Mid vine-clad vales of Switzerland,
She sought the glorious Alps of heaven,
And there, mid cliffs by lightnings riven,
Gathered her hero band.

"And still outrings her freedom-song,
Amid the glaciers sparkling there,
At Sabbath bell, as peasants throng
Their mountain fastnesses along,
Happy, and free as air.

"And if, through Southern power and pride,
This broad, free land, in future time
Shall hear the slave-roll by the side
Of Bunker's shaft, that marks where died
Her sons in strife sublime, —

"Lo! as the bugle echo thrills,
New England's sons shall rally then,
And build their homes by mountain rills,
Far up among her wild green hills,
And sing free songs again.

"The hills were made for freedom: they
Break at a breath the tyrant's rod;
Chains clank in valleys, — there the prey
Writhes 'neath Oppression's heel alway:
Hills bow to none but God!"

Mr. Brown's power of verse-writing was remarkably preserved to an advanced age. His birthdays were the occasions of his writing special poems, which showed a clearness of thought, a tenderness of sentiment, and a felicity of expression, that called out surprise and admiration from those who read them. One such poem, written when he was past ninety (he died in Wisconsin, in 1906, at the age of ninety-four) contains a passage which may be quoted as indicating his poetic gifts, his tender and sympathetic nature, and his gentle and helpful life.

"If I have put one wounded bird
Back in its little nest,
If I have spoken one kindly word
To give some sad heart rest,
If I have made one tear-drop less,
Or soothed one pang of pain,
If one is left my name to bless,
I have not lived in vain."

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE TEST OF A GOOD BOOK FOR CHILDREN must have been long and eagerly and more or less unsuccessfully sought by many a children's librarian. The supreme test adopted by the juvenile department of the Brooklyn Public Library, and rather well formulated in the preface to a carefully prepared and very useful list of "Books for Boys and Girls" just issued by the Library, is described as follows: "The first test we apply to any book for children is that of moral tone. By this we do not mean the story of the drunkard-reforming child saint of Sunday-School library books so edifyingly contrasted with the naughty boy who goes fishing on the Sabbath and comes to a bad end; nor the golden-curled, lace-collared, polite little prig who adorns the pages of scores of 'little child shall lead them' stories of the present. Not pages slashed with cutlasses reeking with gore, not hairbreadth escapes and feats of superhuman daring does the children's librarian condemn, but heroes pre-eminent in lying and trickery, in smartness and swagger, in the loafer's reliance upon luck; books which subtly teach a lad to measure a man's value and success by his money-making ability. If a book arouses in a child admiration for courage, honor, endurance, manliness or womanliness, faithfulness, pluck, gentleness, then it is a moral book, whether it be a story of pirates, as 'Treasure Island,' of a schoolboy, as 'Tom Brown's School Days,' of a mythical hero, as 'The Story of Siegfried," of a hero of song, as 'Horatius,' or a girls' home story, as 'Little Women.'" After all, the best and surest touchstone is a small reader himself or herself; but unfortunately this is a test not always practically applicable in the buying of new books for the juvenile department.

. . .

THE MATHEMATICAL MEASUREMENT OF HUMAN GREATNESS, like the repeatedly attempted statistical evaluation of literature, has its fascinations for those who fondly imagine that spiritual realities can be weighed and measured, analyzed and dissected, and then labeled with a formula exactly expressing their nature and their comparative worth. In a late number of "Science," Dr. Frederick Adams Woods of the Mass. Institute of Technology discourses at some length on "Historiometry as an Exact Science," including under historiometry "that class of researches in which the facts of history have been subjected to statistical treatment according to some method of measurement more or less objective or impersonal in its nature." In his application of his method to biography, and, specifically, to a testing of the familiar assertion that Massachusetts has produced more eminent men in proportion to her white population than any other State of the Union, Dr. Woods displays skill and patient research. But, after all, however earnest the endeavor to attain the purely objective, and to exclude all subjective suggestion in this estimate of men, the result is merely a shifting of ultimate responsibility on to others' shoulders. The statistical use of biographical dictionaries and of handbooks like "Who's Who" can never succeed in eliminating the element of prejudice or fallibility; for the compilers of all such reference books are themselves human beings and liable to personal bias. Nevertheless some approach to dispassionateness of judgment may doubtless be made by this averaging of many opinions. All this recalls, incidentally, an ingenious treatise from the pen of Dr. Frederic Lyman Wells, published two years ago by the Science Press as number seven in its series known as "Archives of Psychology." The paper was entitled "A Statistical Study of Literary

Merit," and was a minute investigation and tabulation of the peculiar properties of ten leading American authors. But after getting the gist of the thing neatly packed into an algebraic formula, the author added this delightful confession: "It is a not uncommon observation that we often form judgments for which we cannot give satisfactory reasons, and it is perhaps not less common to observe that these judgments are about as likely to be correct as those for which we can. . . . We are more accurate in our opinions than in our reasons for them."

* * *

LOCKING THE STABLE DOOR BEFORE THE HORSE IS STOLEN is evidently what the Connecticut State Librarian and the Connecticut legislators believe in. The new State Library building, or rather the combined State Library, Memorial Hall, and Supreme Court building, which has sprung into existence at Hartford within the short space of two years and a half, and apparently without any such misappropriation of funds as usually attends the erection of our public buildings, is a happy birth that owes its timely conception to the brain of the State Librarian, Mr. George S. Godard. It was he who years ago noted the rapid growth and inadequate housing of the precious collection of books and pamphlets and manuscripts under his care. The capitol building, as in many another State, had provided quarters, cramped and exposed to risks of fire, for the library. But before such a catastrophe as that at Albany overtook it, a suitable structure for its reception was carefully planned and handsomely executed. Among the valuable records preserved in the vaults of the library are the transactions between the first settlers and the Indians, recorded on parchment and with the signatures, or marks, of redskin chiefs side by side with the white man's sign manual. There may be seen the great Mugwump's private mark; and, if the visitor desires, Mr. Godard will explain the connection between this aboriginal Mugwump and the more recent representative of the species. He may also get sight of precious autographs — of William and Mary, of Queen Anne, of the four Georges, and of Joseph Addison, — and learn the whole history of the Connecticut legislature, which is said to have given the world the first written state constitution. But the Library and its finely appointed home cannot be described in a paragraph. They should be visited in person.

* * *

SIX MILLION PER CENT INCREASE IN BOOK VALUES, if realized within a single lifetime, would make a book-dealer rich beyond the wildest dreams of avarice. Something more than that percentage of profit (distributed among many dealers in the course of two centuries) has been achieved by the Hoe copy of Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," the only perfect copy known of the Caxton issue of 1485, which in 1695 is said to have commanded a price about equivalent to sixty-eight cents of our money. Even in little more than a quarter of a century it has risen in value nearly four hundred and thirty-nine per cent, its last sale at auction (before the present sale) having taken place in 1885, when it was bought in by Bernard Quaritch for Mrs. Norton Q. Pope of Brooklyn, at whose death it was acquired by Mr. Hoe for an amount not made public. The late winning bid of forty-two thousand eight hundred dollars, on the part of Mr. J. P. Morgan, is accounted the second highest in the annals of bibliopoly, the highest being that of fifty thousand dollars for the Gutenberg Bible acquired at the same sale by Mr. Huntington of Los Angeles. An even more astonishing record, in its way, was made by the Greek grammar of Constantinus Lascaris, which elicited a bid of twenty-three hundred dollars after having cost Mr. Hoe but three hundred and forty in 1891. Some yet more startling and rapid jumps in value are reported from this sale, all largely accounted for, no doubt, by the recent remarkable growth of our plutocracy.

* * *

A LIBRARY'S PRESIDING GENIUS ought to be and commonly is the head librarian, though sometimes the name applies more properly to the chairman of the board of trustees. At the Pratt Institute Free Library, of which we doubt not Mr. Edward F. Stevens, the librarian, is the real as well as the officially designated head, the circulating department has a *genius loci* of its own, more appropriate to the reading-room perhaps, which is thus described in the current quarterly Bulletin of the institution: "Visitors to the library are attracted by the figure of Thackeray which stands in a prominent position in the Circulating Department. It is a replica of a statuette by Sir Edgar Boehm now in the National Portrait Gallery in London. It shows Thackeray as he used to be observed in the Reform Club standing in the smoking room, 'his back to the fire, his legs rather wide apart, his hands thrust into his trousers pockets, his head stiffly thrown back while he joined in the talk of the men in the semicircle of chairs in front of him.'" Patrons of the library are invited to read and re-read their Thackeray and all about him in this centennial year of his birth, and in the reading-room will be found "an exhaustive Thackeray bibliography as well as a nearly complete file of *Punch*," to which periodical the artist-humorist contributed from 1843 to 1854, and of which he not untruthfully, though not quite grammatically, said: "There never was before published so many volumes that contained so much cause for laughing and so little cause for blushing, so many jokes and so little harm."

* * *

DR. JOHNSON'S LONDON HOUSE, Number 17 Gough Square, has been bought by Mr. Cecil Harmsworth with the benevolent intention of giving it to his country as a national memorial to a great man. Just what steps will be taken for its restoration or preservation, and whether it will be converted into a Johnson museum or maintained without the addition of any such collection of

Johnsoniana, remains to be determined. But the house where the great Dictionary was begun and finished, where "The Rambler" was conceived, and where many other works of Johnson's were written, must long continue to be an object of interest to visitors. By turning to Carlyle's famous essay on Boswell's Life of Johnson, one can get a glimpse of the building as it was in 1832—"a stout, old-fashioned, oak-balustraded house." "The actual occupant," says Carlyle, "an elderly, well-washed, decent-looking man, invited us to enter; and courteously undertook to be cicerone; though in his memory lay nothing but the foolishest jumble and hallucination." A clearer-headed, better-informed guide to the rooms of chief interest in the house should now be found, if possible, and installed.

* * *

WHERE LIBRARY BOOKS ARE IN EXTRAORDINARY DEMAND, and where one may breathe the still air of delightful studies, enjoy an existence free from the ordinary cares of life, be fed, clothed, and sheltered with no drain upon one's pocket, and at the same time undergo (if one will) a thorough moral regeneration — this delectable retreat is to be found in every State of our Union, though its charms appeal as yet to comparatively few. With an average population of seven hundred and three in the year 1909, the Minnesota State Prison reported a circulation of its six thousand library books amounting to nearly twenty-three thousand, or about thirty-two per capita. Is not that enough to make an unincarcerated librarian turn green with envy? Suppose the city of Cleveland, with its half-million inhabitants, to have a proportional circulation of public library books: that would mean some sixteen million volumes a year. As a matter of fact, it can boast a circulation of about one-ninth that amount, and as compared with other cities of the same size and even larger that is a remarkably good record. When it comes the time of year to issue annual reports, who would not wish to be a State Prison librarian? To these and other pleasant reflections we are moved by a perusal of the current Biennial Report of the Minnesota Public Library Commission, a well-printed, well-illustrated, and otherwise attractive pamphlet.

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WHAT CONSTITUTES VULGARITY IN LITERATURE will never be determined in so many words, any more than what constitutes beauty or truth or charm or romance. What is one man's vulgarity is another man's refinement, as may be illustrated by a few quotations from the newly-published correspondence of the late John Oliver Hobbes (as Mrs. Craigie is best known in the world of letters). She calls Thackeray not simply vulgar, but "atrociously so," whereas Dickens is labeled "not vulgar." In a quick succession of unhesitating judgments she declares that "Dr. Arnold was not vulgar. Matthew Arnold was vulgar. Burns was not vulgar. Carlyle was a little vulgar. Froude was not vulgar. Motley was not vulgar. Macaulay was not vulgar. Johnson was not vulgar. Addison was vulgar." And further: "William Morris—vulgarity itself. Lord Lytton—rather vulgar. Stevenson—vulgar, very." Who, then, we ask in bewilderment, is free from vulgarity if Matthew Arnold and Addison and William Morris and Stevenson are vulgar? Or has vulgarity no objective reality, and must we conclude, Hamlet-like, that there is nothing either refined or vulgar but thinking makes it so?

* * *

THE PERILOUS STATE OF OUR NATIONAL ARCHIVES, scattered as they are in many buildings, and in hardly an instance adequately safeguarded against fire, demands the erection of a special building at Washington to receive into its safe keeping those state papers and other documents whose historic value is priceless, and which have accumulated in larger quantity than has similar material in any of the single States, not excepting New York with its now charred remains of one of the most precious collections in America. The disastrous consequences of governmental neglect in this matter in the past are notorious. In 1800 the archives of the War Department were burned; in 1833 the most valuable of the Treasury Department's archives met with a like fate; and in 1877 there was a similar disaster in the Patent Office. The reckless throwing away of manuscript matter in the Capitol, to provide quarters for the soldiers in our Civil War, and the subsequent looting of the archives of the House of Representatives on the part of autograph-hunters, are well known. A national archives building, of fireproof construction, and a properly qualified superintendent of archives are among the urgent needs of the hour.

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THE PERSISTENCE OF PLOTS comes up again for brief discussion in a contribution to the May "Atlantic" from the pen of Miss Ellen Duvall. She begins with a reference to Goethe's citation of Gozzi as authority for the assertion that only thirty-six dramatic situations are possible, and Schiller's rejoinder that he could think of but fourteen; and she ends with the regret that the supersubtle Venetian left no record of those thirty-six situations. As she makes no mention of Polti's little book (called to our readers' attention by two correspondents in our issue of March 1) in which a complete catalogue of these situations is attempted, it may be that she is not acquainted with it. In the body of her essay she displays ingenuity in fitting to her scheme of simple love plots, triangular love plots, and quadrangular love plots, various masterpieces of romance. This is a fascinating field for research and for philosophical disquisition, and one in which both the monist, with his passion for unity, and the pluralist, with his love of diversity, can probably find about equal support for their pet theories. There is as yet no exact science of plots, although there does exist, and ever will, the sublime art of weaving them.

COLLECTOR'S MANIA EXTRAORDINARY exhibits itself in the passion for abbreviations that has long held possession of Mr. W. T. Rogers, F.R.L.S., sub-librarian, until recently, at the Inner Temple, London. "For over thirty years," confesses Mr. Rogers, "I have been collecting abbreviations in my spare time. Hardly a day passes by in which I do not add one or two to my stock. A few days ago, for instance, as I was hurrying along near the Strand I saw the letters 'I.C.S.P.' on some offices. I wonder what proportion of the passers-by know that this indicates the offices of the Incorporated Church Scouts Patrols! Another day I brought back the magic letters 'S.S.M.I.F. and G.', but have not yet been able to discover their hidden meaning." Mr. Rogers does not pursue his fad purely for the fad's sake. He is about to publish a dictionary of abbreviations, which will be a substantial volume of about eight hundred pages, and will have a specially valuable appendix containing "all the legal abbreviations," treated with a scrupulous accuracy never before bestowed on the subject. The book will appear, it is hoped, in August, and is likely to take high rank among the products of plodding industry.

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THE APPOINTMENT OF CALIFORNIA COUNTY LIBRARIANS, under the requirements of the new county library law approved Feb. 25, 1911, is to be made only upon certificate of qualification from the State board of library examiners. An examination open to all applicants, who may be of either sex and may come from any quarter of the globe, will be held at the Hotel Maryland, Pasadena, Monday, May 22, 1911, at two o'clock in the afternoon under the supervision of Miss Mary L. Sutliff, head cataloguer of the State Library, the examiners being Mr. James L. Gillis, librarian of the State Library, Mr. William R. Watson, librarian of the San Francisco Public Library, and Mr. Purd B. Wright, who has recently resigned as librarian of the Los Angeles Public Library in preparation for his removal to Kansas City, whose public library system he is to take charge of. The examination at Pasadena falls within the week of the A. L. A. conference.

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M. MAETERLINCK IN REFLECTIVE MOOD is reported in the Paris *Figaro* by M. François Poncetton. Among a variety of topics touched upon reminiscently or meditatively was one of especial interest to those play-goers who have seen "The Blue Bird." Speaking of the staging of the piece, its author said: "It was a daily struggle for three solid months. It called for unremitting energy. Everything had to be done over and over again, despite most earnest advice to the contrary. And the children! Oh, the world of gentle discipline it took to train them! But they are perfect. At Moscow we could not find any children, though every one tried to help us. We were obliged to take young men, and we cut a row of deep grooves across the stage for them to move in. With trailing draperies, they managed in this way to look like children. But actors walking always along a fixed line had the appearance of mannikins. In Paris, thanks to these fine children, there was life and go." One is sorry to learn that M. Maeterlinck's beloved bees have fallen victims to the rigors of the Norman climate, and his hives are empty.

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DARTMOUTH'S PLANS FOR A NEW LIBRARY BUILDING formed a part of the substance of President Nichols's recent address before the Dartmouth alumni of Western Massachusetts at their annual banquet in Springfield. The trustees of the college are considering ways and means, and at their latest meeting they discussed plans for a structure to cost a quarter of a million dollars and to call for an additional quarter-million for equipment and endowment. The present building was provided when the whole student body did not exceed three hundred and seventy-five — a smaller number than that of last autumn's entering class, — and the four years' curriculum was a very simple and invariable programme contrasted with the manifold courses now offered.

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THE CLASS-DAY REJUVENESCENCE OF THE GRAY-BEARD ALUMNUS is truly a pleasing spectacle to the beholder and a delightful experience to the old "grad" himself. To be young again just for one day is well worth the price of an excursion ticket from Galveston to Cambridge, or from Seattle to New Haven. But for whole classes of ten or fifteen or perhaps twenty years' remove from the commencement platform to parade the campus attired as clowns and blowing penny whistles, does at times almost make the judicious grieve. Accordingly we learn not without a measure of approval that the Yale Alumni Day festivities this year are not to be diversified by excessive indulgence in puerilities on the part of the sedate. In the procession to the ball-game only the triennial and possibly the sexennial class will wear fantastic costumes, the older men being expected to content themselves with more sober attire. This timely hint from Yale deserves to be heeded elsewhere.

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IMPORTANT LIBRARY LEGISLATION is reported from Indiana. The General Assembly has acted favorably upon every definite recommendation made by the State Library Association at its meeting of last October. The most important enactment was that providing for an Indiana Centennial Commission to "formulate plans for the celebration of the centennial of the admission of Indiana into the Union by the erection of a State building, and its dedication in 1916, to be known as the Indiana Educational Building." The building, if erected, as now seems likely, will house the State Library and Museum, the Public Library Commission, and the educational and scientific offices of the Commonwealth. The next General Assembly will pass upon the plans submitted by the Centennial Commission.

COMMUNICATIONS.

LÉON SÉCHÉ, THE "ANECDOTALIST" OF FRENCH ROMANTICISM.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The champions of dry-as-dust erudition have tried hard to discredit the use of the anecdote in literature. Entertaining or interesting writers are branded as "popular" and dismissed with contempt. Literature must be austere, or not be at all. This absurd prejudice had assumed a very strong hold on modern generations under the double influence of the methods of natural sciences held up as models in all domains of research,—and the minute, pulverizing scholarship of the Germans. There are, however, indisputable signs of a reaction; and, indeed, really sensible writers have never ceased to realize that anecdotes are to literature and history exactly what natural facts are to sciences; and moreover that they are as valuable information as any for the true historian.

Let us recall what has long been termed Prosper Mérimée's paradox: "I love in history," he says in his "Chronique de Charles IX.," "nothing but anecdotes; and among anecdotes, I prefer those in which I think that I can find a true picture of the customs and people of a given epoch. This taste is not very noble; but, I confess it with shame, I would gladly give Thucidides for the authentic Mémoires of Aspasia or of a slave of Pericles." Barbey d'Aurevilly said about the same thing in the following: "The anecdote is the very concentration of history, when one knows how to choose it and how to place it." None understood better the value of the anecdote than Taine, the grave and the great. And, only recently, M. Jules Lemaître made some remarks of the same order in speaking of Sainte-Beuve. Indeed, what did Sainte-Beuve do in his famous "Lundis" but spread the anecdote method long ago in use by Tallemant des Réaux, La Noue, Saint Simon? And why not go back to Diogenes of Laertes, or Plutarch (see the latter's introductory words to his Life of Alexander)?

Of course, it will not be sufficient to tell anecdotes in order to be a good historian or a good judge in literary matters; it is with the anecdote as with any other tool,—it must be handled properly.

Now, it is interesting to remark that in France (the mother country and the leading country of literary criticism) the period that has been for the first time studied scientifically by contemporaries, the period of Romanticism, is known almost exclusively by the anecdote method. And again interesting is the fact that we owe by far the most considerable part of those valuable documents to one scholar, M. Léon Séché. M. Séché has devoted his time and money for years to the untiring searching of archives, libraries, and private correspondence. It is thought that, in his many publications, some pages are not very relevant; but who is competent to decide whether any document may not sooner or later be relevant? The fact is that for one who studies away from Parisian libraries, M. Séché's books are treasures. His latest volume is on Delphine Gay,* "La Muse de la Patrie," who married Emile de Girardin, the famous director of "La Presse," a paper that did much for the progress of letters in those days.

In one of his previous volumes, "Le Cénacle de la Muse Française," M. Séché had devoted a chapter to Delphine Gay as a writer. Here he deals more especially with the woman. And indeed as a woman she is more interesting than as a writer. Moreover, no matter how creditable Delphine's successes as a poet or as a dramatic author were at the time, there can be no doubt but that a considerable part of these successes was due to the grateful devotion of so many literary friends. In a way her beauty and her personal charms were an obstacle to greater achievements as an author. Even if she had wanted to give more time and labor to her writings, her friends, who were so anxious to enjoy her society, would have prevented her from securing the quiet indispensable for creations of lasting fame. This is the impression one gets from the revelations made by M. Séché. Besides, her mother had warned her: "If you want to be taken seriously, give the example yourself. . . . Be a woman as regards your gowns, and a man as regards grammar." She tried hard, and Soumet was proud of his pupil's achievements. But Balzac's fear was not wholly unfounded: "Be in the execution in turn poetical and ironical; but have a uniform style, and then you will leave behind you that distressing distance that people are accustomed to find between sexes (speaking from the literary point of view); for I, for one, do not consider that either Madame de Staël or Madame George Sand has succeeded in the task." Lamartine also, the most sincere admirer among all of Delphine's friends, had soon diagnosed the case: "Her verses are what I like least about her. However, she has a nice feminine talent; but the 'feminine' is terrible in poetry."

What Delphine did perfectly was the "Chronique Parisienne," published in her husband's newspaper under the name of Vicomte de Launay,—an account of Parisian life under the July Monarchy that compares with Madame de Sévigné's account of the seventeenth-century society. This, and two short comedies, "La joie fait peur" and "Le chapeau de l'horloger," remain her best achievements as a writer. She was too intelligent not to understand; to a lady who once complimented her on her poetry she answered: "It should rather be my duty to compliment you, madame; it is better for us women to inspire poems than to write them?"

But what a *woman* she was! How she knew how to encourage and help the brilliant men of her time, how often she brought back peace when feelings had been hurt, how splendidly she made use of her social position as the wife of de Girardin to make all those genial people work in harmony for good causes! With every one she was different, and yet always the same good cordial woman. Her correspondence,—to Hugo, to Balzac, to Rachel, for instance,—shows admirably that adaptability.

Of course, all her preferences went to Lamartine; and does not that speak in her favor too? She was for him another Elvire, the Elvire of the years of maturity. She never concealed her feeling for him, from the day when she wrote that beautiful poem:

"Quel est donc le secret de mes vagues alarmes?
Est-ce un nouveau malheur qu'il me faut pressentir?
D'où vient qu'hier mes yeux ont versé tant de larmes
En le voyant partir?"

until the day when her will showed that her last thought had been for "le Dieu." He on his side was more reserved; but no more beautiful lines were written by

* Delphine Gay: Mme. de Girardin dans ses rapports avec Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Balzac, Rachel, Jules Sandeau, Dumas, Eugène Sue, et George Sand. Paris: Mercure de France, 1910.

him than those inspired by this noble woman, and telling "l'immutabilité d'une reconnaissance surnaturelle": "Day after day, when I pass on that empty Place des Champs Elysées where her dwelling was, more like a temple torn down by death, I grow pale and my eyes look upward. One does not meet often in this world so good a heart and so vast an intelligence."

Lofty is the tone of the whole book, because lofty was the woman who inspired it. There is no more agreeable way of being introduced into the history of French Romanticism than through M. Séché's pages. We cannot but admire his power of adding so much charm to so much erudition.

ALBERT SCHINZ.

Bryn Mawr College, May 6, 1911.

RECENT TENDENCIES IN THE JAPANESE LANGUAGE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The changes now rapidly taking place in the Japanese language and literature are interesting and suggestive. The writer of the "Monthly Summary of Japanese Current Literature" in the "Japan Mail" of Yokohama has recently called attention to one significant phase in the evolution of the Japanese language. He calls the present "a talking age" in Japan, and shows how this is aiding what is known as the *gembun-itchi* movement, aiming to bring into closer harmony the written and the spoken languages. The best way to set this forth is to make several quotations from his article, as follows:

"The extent to which talking has taken the place of writing in Modern Japan is quite phenomenal. In preparing these Summaries, we are in the habit of looking through a very large number of magazines and other publications, and we find that most of the material furnished by the compilers of magazines consists of the reproduction of speeches or lectures delivered, which have been taken down by stenographers, or of talks which interviewers have had with prominent men. It has to be remembered that writing out articles intended for publication in magazines in this country [Japan], owing to the nature of the language, must necessarily occupy much time; whereas in fifteen or twenty minutes a fluent talker can give a Japanese note-taker or stenographer, as the case may be, sufficient material to make a good long magazine article."

"There is perhaps no country in the world where so much reliance is placed on the tongue in collecting material for newspapers, magazines, and books as is the case in Japan. One of the results of this fashion is that high-class Japanese, who in former days were remarkably reticent, have become quite loquacious."

"Another result of the practice we are discussing is the increasing importance attached to colloquial speech and the decay of interest in stilted classical phraseology. Mr. Natsume Soseki is doing grand work by bringing out novel after novel in which the dialogues given are all written in high-class modern colloquial. By reading a book like '*Mon*,' the latest of his stories, students of the Japanese language can see at once how great are the capabilities of modern colloquial Japanese when manipulated by a past master like Natsume. In this talking age, if any one desires to study some of the finest specimens of Japanese conversation to be found in modern literature, let him read two or three of the best of Natsume's novels."

By an interesting coincidence, the same issue of the weekly edition of the "Japan Mail" contains an article on "Japanese Translations," in which Baron Suematsu, a fine English scholar, is quoted as saying:

"If a man who is able to read and write Japanese and a European language equally well (no such man exists, of course), were to compare the two languages, he would find that expressing Japanese thought in that European tongue or translating from Japanese into the same is much easier than expressing European thought in Japanese or translating into that tongue. This, no doubt, is partly owing to the radical difference of structure between Japanese sentences and those of European tongues; but it is also partly to be attributed to the fact that our language has not yet reached the high state of development to which European tongues have attained."

In the same article, Mr. Togawa, who has recently published a translation of some of Emerson's essays, is quoted as follows:

"I don't consider that I have succeeded in reproducing the original truly and clearly. . . . Of course, it is possible that in some cases I did not fully comprehend the meaning of the English phrases I was rendering. As for Emerson's ideas, they have never appeared to me to be very abstruse or mystical. By me he is not regarded as a profound thinker. But he had a chatty way of expressing his thoughts, and *the mistake I made in translating him was to try to give his ideas in our ordinary book language*. This language has had its uses and it may still be profitably employed for a long time; but *I am of opinion that it does not bear comparison with good Japanese colloquial for the conveyance of Western thought to the Japanese mind*."*

The writer of the article says that "Mr. Togawa is regarded as an expert translator, and hence, on this point, . . . his testimony is very valuable"; and he quotes another sentence of Mr. Togawa's to the same purport, *i. e.*, "it seems to me that our book style is unsuited for the transmission of modern thought." He then adds the following:

"We could quote a great many other Japanese writers in support of this opinion. To us it appears as if within the next few decades high-class colloquial Japanese will be the only language employed by most newspaper and magazine writers. That this language has even to-day reached a very high state of development is abundantly shown in the works of leading Japanese novelists. Japanese colloquial, when skilfully used, for purposes of vivid and minute description, for satire and repartee, in suggestiveness and lucidity and general charm is, in our opinion, not surpassed by any spoken tongue in existence."

Still another interesting phase of this linguistic change will appear in connection with oratory. Now, it may not be proper to say that oratory is a "lost art" in Japan; for it never really existed. Calligraphy, as developed in connection with the Chinese idiographs, became a "fine art"; but oratory has been comparatively artless. The common style of oratory is rhetorical and unimpressive. A more fervid style has been developed in the Christian pulpit, and is being developed in political meetings and assemblies. Even in the House of Representatives the number of real orators is very small. The development of oratory has been hindered by the servitude of the Japanese language to classical and conventional modes of expression. Under such circumstances, the evolution of a peculiar oratorical style has been well-nigh impossible. The rules of rhetoric have hampered the full expression of ideas in a way to stir the feelings and move the will. Speeches have been too much like the reading of written essays. They have appealed to reason more than to feeling. The use of colloquial is growing more common in oratory, which thereby becomes more fervid. Now, with a still more general popularization and elevation of colloquial, there is a good opportunity for a more vital oratory in Japan.

ERNEST W. CLEMENT.

Rochester, N. Y., May 8, 1911.

* The italics are mine.—E. W. C.

The New Books.

A Friend's Portrait of John La Farge.*

John La Farge was one of the rare men who make a deep impression upon all who are privileged to know them. Over and above the sum of his achievement — and his achievment was notable — was his personality. Though identified with his art so closely that it is impossible to think of him apart from it, nevertheless in retrospect the man himself seems greater than what he accomplished. It was strength and indomitable individuality that lay behind his gentle manner and quiet reserve. One could not be long in his presence without feeling this, as well as his sensitiveness to all refining influences. The impalpable armor of aloofness which he habitually wore was not a thing put on, as it were, from lack of sympathy with his fellows, but an instinctive protection to his working hours and against the physical strain of uncongenial intercourse: when he chose to lay it aside he showed himself the most delightful of companions, alert, thoughtful, and keenly interested in all artistic and intellectual things.

The story of the life of such a man could be told only by one who knew him well. The memoir and study prepared by Mr. Cortissoz is fitly described by the author as a portrait drawn "with grateful loyalty to a master in the things of the mind," and is avowedly written in affection. It is the outcome of more than twenty years of close friendship "never even momentarily disturbed by so much as the shadow of a shadow." In a measure it is the fulfilment of a purpose in which Mr. La Farge shared. Some years ago Mr. Cortissoz planned a volume in which the criticism he had devoted to his friend's work should be brought together. La Farge received the idea with cordial sympathy, and agreed to supply such biographical details as were thought essential. "As time went on," we are told, "he developed an intense interest in the book, coming to regard it as a kind of repository for the recollections and reflections which, in other circumstances, he might have embodied in a book of his own." These reminiscences, jotted down now and then as they came to his mind, have been incorporated in the memoir of which they form a considerable part. They show, as nothing else could, La Farge's mental attitude toward his work, and they impart also to the biography a certain authoritative sanction. Incidentally they relieve the constantly recurrent note of admiration which, though well deserved, might otherwise seem a bit too insistent.

Of formal biography the book contains very little. Beyond the bare statement that La Farge was married in 1860 to Miss Margaret Mason Perry, there is no reference tc his domestic life, and his children are not mentioned. The course of his artistic development is, however, traced in detail, and enough is told about his father's family, and that of his mother, to indicate the influences that surrounded him in his youth and did much to mould his character. There are slight but fascinating glimpses of his father, a "retired soldier, who had brought from his native Charente a certain keen and rationalizing temperament, and had learned in his European battles under Napoleon, as well as in his bitter experience at San Domingo, to deal with life with a kind of imaginative practicality"; and of the family life centered around the neighborhood of Washington Square in that "Old New York," to which he clung with deep attachment as long as he lived. Not less attractive is the picture of his maternal grandfather, M. Binsse de Saint-Victor, who had in early life been a wealthy planter in San Domingo, but being ruined by the revolution, had fled with his wife and children to the United States, where he supported himself by teaching and painting.

Unlike most distinguished artists, La Farge did not discover until he was quite grown up that he wished to be a painter. In his youth his surroundings were such as to make him look upon his interest in art quite as a matter of course. His education, however, began at a very early age. This is the story, as told in his own words:

"The influences which I felt as a little boy were those of the paintings and works of art that surrounded me at home. Some reached further back than the early Napoleonic period, the beginning of the nineteenth century. There were on the walls a sea-piece by Vernet; some imitation historical story, that of Daniel, charming, however, in color, by Lemoyne; two great battle scenes, now ascribed to Salvator; a large painting of Noah and his sons, ascribed to Sebastiano del Piombo; some, indeed many, Dutch paintings of various authors and excellence, among them a beautiful Solomon Ruysdael which I yet see occasionally. All this and the very furniture and hangings of the Empire parlor did not belong to the Victorian epoch in which I was growing up.

"It so happened that my very first teachings were those of the eighteenth century and my training has covered almost a century and a half.

"I was just six years old and I had wished to learn

*John La Farge. A Memoir and a Study. By Royal Cortissoz. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

to draw and paint for whatever was to come of it, a mere boy's wish. My father took me to my grandfather, the father of my mother, who had for some time been a painter, especially of miniatures, and not a bad one. I never knew exactly how he came by his training. . . . To him I came to get my first lessons of art, which were sadly prosaic and which would have driven me away if it had not been that my father insisted upon my carrying out anything that I had proposed to do. The teaching was as mechanical as it could be, and was rightly based upon the notion that a boy ought to be taught so as to know his *trade*."

This teaching appears to have been continued until La Farge went to college, where his professor in English led him to study the literary and historical side of art. After college he began the study of law, but to help a French artist he took some lessons in painting from him. This revived his interest in art, and led to a visit to Europe in 1856. He was then in his twenty-first year, and highly impressionable. In Paris he was introduced to artistic and literary circles by his cousin Paul de Saint-Victor, then a notable figure in the world of letters. Largely to please his father, who wished him to learn the practice of painting, he entered the studio of Couture, but being "impatient to paint according to school ways" he did not stay more than a couple of weeks. Then followed a tour through Northern Italy with his cousin Paul; visits to Munich, Dresden, and Copenhagen; and, after a little time spent in Belgium and England, he returned to America and to reading law.

The months spent in Europe, however, and especially the stimulating contact with the enthusiastic adherents of the romantic movement, had given direction to his thoughts, and he soon began to perceive his true vocation. Still he did not break away from his legal studies at once. He began by taking a room in the Studio Building in Tenth Street, where he occasionally "tried to paint," as he says, "on a small and amateurish scale." While debating whether to go back to Paris for a course of vigorous training, a meeting with William M. Hunt, who had been a favorite and brilliant pupil of Couture's, caused him to enter Hunt's studio at Newport as a pupil. La Farge's account of his work under Hunt's tutelage is of especial interest. Master and pupil were constantly trying experiments, striving to penetrate the secrets of natural phenomena, and to discover the best methods of representing their visual aspects. It was a period upon which La Farge always loved to dwell. Already the love of knowledge, which Mr. Cortissoz denominates his ruling passion, had laid firm hold of him. It held him to the end of his life: as long as he was able to work he never tired of trying experiments.

This mental attitude led, a few years later, to the invention of opaline glass, with which his name is indissolubly associated, and to the splendid glass work of which he was the supreme master. Whatever differences of opinion there may be as to his work as a painter, no qualified judge can question the statement that as a designer of windows he has had no rival in modern times. As Mr. Cortissoz points out, his glass work has something more important than novelty and technical excellence.

"It is the character of his glass that counts. At the roots of that character was La Farge's understanding of the true office of convention in art. Convention has for generations suffered in repute because it has so often been the refuge of the slack intelligence, but to La Farge it was a precious instrument. Books and photographs were at his hand and he carried in his brain a kind of anthology of all the decorative styles; but not if he had tried could he have used them in the wooden, literal way of the unimaginative artist."

The commission given him by his friend Van Brunt to do one of the windows for Memorial Hall at Harvard was destined to affect the whole course of his life. It was while engaged upon it that the discovery of opaline glass was made, and through his close attention to the details of the manufacture of the windows he designed that he had a severe illness from a form of lead poisoning which in 1866 brought him near to death's door, and left after-effects from which he never wholly recovered. Indeed, his whole life afterward was an almost constant struggle against physical disability, and his work was carried on under circumstances that would not have been possible to one of less courageous spirit. There is reason to think that more than anything else it was the quality of his designs for glass work that caused the architect Richardson to select La Farge to undertake the decoration of Trinity Church, Boston. And as other important commissions resulted from the successful accomplishment of that notable work, it was thus that he came to devote himself to mural decoration and became a recognized leader in that field.

The praise that Mr. Cortissoz gives to La Farge's glass is none too high. His estimate of him as a painter is more open to question. To some of those who admire his works it appears that in composition of line they do not always touch the highest note. In spite of the clearness of the artist's vision and his appreciation of the merits of the art of the Orient, he was essentially a realist, and as such found it difficult to adopt a treatment of forms in

which literal rendering of detail was sacrificed to rhythmic unity. Because of this his paintings often lose much of their beauty when reproduced in black and white, as the illustrations to this volume attest; and we miss in them the very splendid line quality that characterizes a few of his early drawings, such as his "Bishop Hatto," his "Giant," and his "Wolf Charmer," all of which are masterpieces in their way. Truly, as Mr. Cortissoz says:

"His fame is largely that of a great colorist, who made his mark in monumental mural decorations and in windows of stained glass. In both these fields he was wont to illustrate noble objects, and the loftiness of his ideas was also made known through his easel pictures and through his essays and addresses on painting."

It is only fair to state that in bestowing a large meed of generous appreciation upon his friend's work, Mr. Cortissoz disclaims any attempt at finality of judgment as to his standing as an artist. On the whole, the critical estimates made in the memoir are sound and well considered. But of more worth is the tender and affectionate presentment of a man who was of no common mould. From his own knowledge the writer of this review can testify to the accuracy of the "Study for a Portrait," as the opening chapter is styled. It is a beautiful picture, which those who knew La Farge cannot fail to treasure. One passage from it may be quoted for the light it sheds upon a phase of the master's personality not known to the world at large:

"I have heard some brilliant talkers, Whistler amongst them, but I have never heard one even remotely comparable to La Farge. He knew nothing of the glittering, phrase-making habit of the merely clever man, to whom the condensation of a bit of repartee into an epigram is a triumph. 'I am not a clever man,' he once said to me, 'but sometimes I do clever things. I think when that happens it is the work of the dæmon of Socrates.' He gave me a droll instance. He was dictating to a typewriter who made a mess of the names of some Chinese gods. 'Like a flash I said to her, "Miss X., you have put in here the name of your best man." She blushed violently and admitted it.' He paused. 'They often do that,' he added, with one of his understanding smiles. There were often, by the way, such flashes of innocent fun as this in his conversation, but he held you, of course, on a far higher plane. There he practised a serene eloquence, ranging over fields so spacious that in addition to the weighty substance of his talk he stimulated the listener as with a sense of large issues, of brave venturings into seas of thought. He had seen the world, he had known a multitude of men and things, and this rich experience reacted upon his nature. But his complexity was a central possession, it was of the very texture of his soul. There went with it, too, a peculiar poise, a strange, self-centered calm. His pronounced sympathy for the East was easily understood. He liked its attitude of contemplation. His own habit was meditative. But where his individuality made a still further claim was in the direction of a tremendous intellectual and spiritual activity.

"To sit with him in fervid talk on a thousand things was to feel, presently, that he flung out a myriad invisible tentacles of understanding, electric filaments which in an instant identified him with the subject of his thought and made him free of its innermost secrets. And what he gathered through these magical processes he brought back and put before you, slowly, with an almost oracular deliberation, but in such living words and with such an artistic balancing of his periods that you saw what he saw, felt what he felt, and waited in positively tense enjoyment for the unfolding of the next mental picture."

It was in such ways as this that John La Farge revealed himself to his friends; and to them he was ever, as Mr. Cortissoz has happily said, "a lambent flame of inspiration."

FREDERICK W. GOOKIN.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

Mr. Houston Stewart Chamberlain, author of "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century," was born in England, the son of Admiral W. C. Chamberlain. His education was nevertheless received almost entirely in France and Germany, and by residence abroad he has almost, if not quite, ceased to be an Englishman. His earliest works — "Notes sur Lohengrin," "Das Drama Richard Wagners," and "Recherches sur la sève ascendante" — reveal the catholicity of his interest as well as something of his mastery of the languages of Europe. His reputation was made by the publication of a Life of Wagner, and immensely enhanced by the work now translated into English — "Grundlagen des Neunzehnten Jahrhunderts," published in 1899, of which three editions were exhausted in three years, and eight editions have appeared up to the present time. There is nothing surprising, however, in the success of the work. We are not accustomed to expect books of striking originality from historians, and when one appears the shock is the more keenly felt. The present work is nevertheless much more than a mere novelty, revealing as it does on every page wide and accurate knowledge, masterly grasp of an immense subject, the profound reflection of a powerful mind, and courage — the confidence of a man who has something more than opinions that are "well documented." Mr. Chamberlain modestly disclaims any unusual

*THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Houston Stewart Chamberlain. Translated from the German by John Lees, M.A., D.Lit. (Edin.). With an Introduction by Lord Redesdale, G.C.V.O., K.C.B. In two volumes. New York: John Lane Co.

knowledge, but his book reveals an astonishing familiarity with the history, the literature, the art and philosophy of Europe, and with the history of science and of scientific method. Yet it is no mere classified note-book that he gives us. There is no musty smell of old folios here, nor odor of midnight oil. Everything has passed through a renovating mind, and comes out fresh and vital. It is indeed time, as Lord Redesdale says, "that England should see the book clothed in the native language of its author."

Those — if there be any such — who still think that virtue and vice are products like sugar and vitriol, and that history is only the manifestation of the mechanism of nature as conceived by science; or that races count for nothing and that great men are only links — large links possibly, but still only links — in an unbreakable chain; that the historian — prostrating himself before something that wants to be known and expanding himself sensitively that nothing may be lost on his thin surface and film — is concerned only to ascertain objectively and to record with indifference exactly what happened; those who think with Walter Pater that "all periods, types, schools of taste, are in themselves equal," thus judging the historical fact by the fact's existence, or erecting, for purposes of evaluation, some mythically vague standard of "Progress";—those who are wedded to all or any of these prevailing notions will find that Mr. Chamberlain's book has little meaning for them: a collection of wild vagaries, let them not read it! "What is the book?" asks Lord Redesdale. "Is it history, a philosophical treatise, a metaphysical inquiry? I confess I know not." You will not find any ready-made pigeon hole into which it can be easily slipped — and forgotten. It is not one of those books made to be labeled: — "serviceable compendium," "indispensable to the scholar," "adapted to the general reader," "contribution to knowledge." No, none of these shop-worn phrases is applicable. The book seeks to carry conviction, and desires only to be understood.

Let us, therefore, in order to understand it, drop all our notions of history and place ourselves at the author's point of view. And first of all, painful as it may be, let us forget that there is such a thing as objectivity. Objectivity, Mr. Chamberlain scorns, at least if objectivity means a pale neutrality. He has not formed his judgments "from the Aristophanic cloud-cockoo-land of a supernatural objectivity." "Even an enemy can appreciate honest frankness. When it is a question of the dearest possessions of the heart, I prefer, like the Teutons, to rush naked to battle, with the sentiments that God has given me, rather than to march to the field adorned in the artificial armour of a science which proves nothing, or in the toga of an empty rhetoric which reconciles everything." Note well this last phrase. Mr. Chamberlain does not wish to reconcile everything. History is not made by the passive resistance of dead wills. There are real prizes to be won, ideals to be fought for, "dearest possessions of the heart" to be cherished. "What is the good of 'objective phrases'?" If there is nothing worth fighting for in the present, the past has no human value; if there is something worth fighting for, the past acquires new meaning and fresh vitality by being seen in perspective. History, like life, as Professor Münsterberg would say, has to do with "will attitudes"; and the historian is concerned, not with mechanical adaptations, but with purposes, the conflict of irreconcilable ideals. Mr. Chamberlain does not stand aside from this conflict and observe with Olympian calm the interplay of forces in order to present us with the impotent conclusion that what happened was the only thing that could have happened. On the contrary, he distinguishes for us the Manichean principles of light and darkness that are at work in history, and bids us manfully enter the struggle which is ever renewed and of which the issue is ever uncertain.

Now it is clear that one cannot treat history in this fashion without some touchstone for estimating the importance of the historical fact; one must have a real standard of value, a standard that is something more than an algebraic function of the fact's extension in time and space. Mr. Chamberlain has such a standard. The thing that is permanent in history, the thing therefore of highest value, he finds to be culture. By culture he means art (including poetry and music) and philosophy—philosophy in the sense of *Weltanschauung*, a perception of the problems of life, a kind of theory of life in the most general sense, and therefore embracing religion and ethics. Culture is quite distinct from civilization, which is a thing of the moment, and from science, which gives us control over nature but explains nothing, being rather only the ever more and more detailed exposition of something Unknowable. Now culture is valuable because through it, and particularly through art, which is the quintessence of culture, man "employs the elements, which nature offers him, to create for himself

a new world of semblance." By this creative "shaping" man disengages himself, as it were, from nature, ceases to be a part of the mechanically ordered universe, and becomes the arbiter of his destiny. Only through culture in this high sense does man "enter into the daylight of life," only thus do his actions acquire higher value than the actions of other animals.

But do not suppose that culture, like knowledge or precious metals, is something that can be accumulated and stored up and bequeathed to succeeding ages, so that the sum of it at the disposal of humanity is always increasing. We are not the "heirs of all the ages" in any such fashion as that. The culture of the Greeks, for example, is something absolutely inseparable from the Greeks themselves,—an intimate personal possession of those who created it, incommunicable and inimitable. We cannot borrow it or use it: we can of course enjoy it; it serves as an inspiration, possessing both the stimulus and the restraint of a noble example. Like personality, culture is the expression of something essentially individual, in respect to particular ideas or works of art, the creation of the individual genius, and in respect to more complete conceptions of life embodied in a harmoniously developed philosophy, art, and religion, the creation of distinct, individualized "races" or nations. Culture apart from particular races or nations, a culture of humanity for example, is a pure abstraction and perfectly useless at that, "as if we could all—Egyptians, Chinese, Congo Negroes, Teutons—be cast into one pot; whereas in every sphere of life we see that even our nearest relations — Greeks, Romans, Indians, Iranians — pass through a perfectly individual and peculiar course of development." History is to be judged, therefore, by this standard: culture being the highest good, and possible only through the free self-expression of the individual and the individual race, the importance of any period or people depends upon the extent to which this freedom is realized and the quality of the culture which it is able to produce. If this reminds anyone of Kant, Mr. Chamberlain will not object; he has a great admiration for Kant, and compares him with Christ as a supremely great emancipator of the human spirit.

Now this reckless use of the term "race" will irritate many people, and it ought to be said perhaps that Mr. Chamberlain knows all that has been written about the "Aryan Myth." But for the historian the practical fact is that perfectly distinct groups of men with peculiar capacities and ideals have made European history. That each of these groups — Greeks, Romans, English, French — is a mixture of many peoples is quite true; but in each case the original elements have combined to form a new and stable product, a unified and homogenous group. For the historian's purpose, Mr. Chamberlain contends, these groups may well be called races. "What kind of thing is this originally 'psychologically uniform race' of which Renan speaks? Probably a near relation of Haeckel's human apes." Whatever it is, it has no importance for the historian, the conclusions of these eminent scholars being, for him, singularly irrelevant. "The great scholar Renan sees the English human thoroughbred, so to speak, rising before his eyes: the ages of history are before him. What does he deduce therefrom? He says: since the Englishman of to-day is neither the Celt of Caesar's time, nor the Anglo-Saxon of Hengist, nor the Dane of Knut, nor the Norman of the Conqueror, but the outcome of a crossing between all four, one cannot speak of an English race at all. That is to say because the English race, like every other race of which we have any knowledge, has grown historically, because it is something peculiar and absolutely new, therefore it does not exist! In truth, nothing beats the logic of the scholar!" So far as the term has any practical meaning, Mr. Chamberlain thinks, history reveals a movement from "racelessness to ever clearer distinctness of race."

It is possible, within the limits of this article, to suggest only in barest outline how the history of Europe, or rather "that past which is still living," appears when surveyed from the high vantage point of these general ideas. Three things of undying importance were achieved in the period of classical antiquity: the culture of the Greeks, the Roman conception of law and the State, and the revelation of Christ; achievements, in the case of the Greeks and the Romans, of distinct races, in the case of Christ, of the preëminent individual. The Romans, it is true, produced no culture in the highest sense. Yet the "Roman, too, is an artist of mighty creating power—an artist in the clear, plastic shaping of the complicated machine of the state." Greater than the work of either Greek or Roman was the revelation of Christ, the birth of Christ being incomparably the most important event in human history. In a single sentence, "the kingdom of God is within you," he revealed once for all the essence of all true religion. His teaching is absolutely hostile to

historical and materialistic religions, such as that of the Jews, and to religions in which salvation is based upon a prescribed system of good works, such as that of Roman Catholicism. It is hostile to them because it asserts, while they deny, the inestimable worth of the individual: "His outward lot does not correspond to his inner worth; and thus it is that life becomes tragic, and only by tragedy does history receive a purely human purport." The supreme significance of the work of the Greeks and Romans, and of Christ, Mr. Chamberlain sums up thus: "In art and philosophy man becomes conscious of himself, in contrast to nature, as an intellectual being; in marriage and law he becomes conscious of himself as a social being, in Christ as a moral being." Thus by the beginning of the Christian era man had already "entered into the daylight of life."

But now come evil days. The Romans, gaining the whole world, lost their own soul. "The spirit of Rome," as Jhering says, "is an acid": and unfortunately so, for no race or nation was able to resist the corrosive action of that dissolvent, and the Mediterranean world sank back into that abomination of abominations, a "Chaos of Peoples." Fit only for slavery, nothing worthy could be expected of that raceless horde. "Mongrels held the whip hand," and constructed, out of the decadent Roman conception of Cæsarism which replaced the true Roman ideal of the state, and the historical and materialistic religion of the Jews which was grafted on to the religion of Christ, and the systematizing scholastic principle inherent in Aristotle, that ingenious instrument of bondage, the neo-Roman-ecclesiastical-Imperium. Inspired by the doctrines *credo ut intelligam* and *quod principi placuit leges vigorem habet*, it was and could not but be the most irreconcilable enemy of all individualism in thought and conduct. This, then, is the tragedy of European history, "that the inherited culture of antiquity . . . was not transmitted to us by a definite people but by a nationless mixture without physiognomy . . . by the raceless chaos of the decaying Roman empire. Our whole intellectual development is still under the curse of this unfortunate intermediary stage; it is this that supplies weapons to the anti-national, anti-racial powers even in the nineteenth century."

And what saved us from this degrading bondage? Why, the entry of the Teutons into western Europe. From that day to this our history becomes, "in a certain sense," "a struggle between Teuton and non-Teuton, between Germanic sentiment and anti-Germanic disposition, a struggle which is waged partly externally, philosophy against philosophy, partly internally, in the breast of the Teuton himself." In the so-called Middle Ages (Mr. Chamberlain has done away with the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, the most misleading conceptions imaginable) the struggle took the form of a conflict between the principles of nationalism and universal empire. The Reformation, primarily a political movement, freed the nations from Roman control, and since then the successful assertion of Teutonic individuality and nationality in science, industry, politics, religion, art, — the rise of a new world and a new culture, the Teutonic,— is the cardinal fact of western history. The French Revolution was not the beginning of a new era, but the beginning of the end of Roman domination, although even in the nineteenth century anti-Teutonic forces, such as socialism and the neo-scholastic movement, are still operative.

The force with which the author presents his argument, the wealth of information, the keen insight, the persuasive conviction which he brings to its support, must be taken for granted: the bare skeleton which we offer here gives no hint of what is really most vital in the book. I scarcely feel justified, therefore, in offering any criticism. Yet to press the facts into his formula, Mr. Chamberlain is seemingly forced to depart somewhat from his own theory of race. He tells us, indeed, that he uses the term Teutonic — *der Germane* — in a very broad sense, including under it Celts and Slavs. "We Teutons," who have kept the faith and fought the good fight against the Chaos of Peoples, become frequently wonderfully attenuated, often dissolving, in fact, into the thin air of an abstract conception. The struggle between Teuton and non-Teuton is almost identical with the opposition between the ideal of the Roman Church and the ideal of freedom: whoever opposes Rome is a Teuton, whoever supports it is a non-Teuton; so that Dante is a Teuton, and Louis XIV. is sometimes one, as in 1682, and sometimes not, as in 1685. And when Mr. Chamberlain publishes his book on the nineteenth century — as he gives us reason to hope that he will — we may expect to see the Italians emerge from the Chaos of Peoples under the leadership of that splendid Teuton, Camillo di Cavour. Certainly the opposition between liberty and authority, between nationalism and universalism, between nominalism and realism, is a formula which simplifies and

illuminates much of European history during the last thousand years. Probably no other single formula is equally useful. But when we substitute Teuton for liberty, nationalism, and nominalism, Chaos of Peoples for authority, universalism, and realism, the terms must be understood so elastically that they have scarcely any meaning at all. We seem, therefore, to be confronted with a dilemma: the Teuton race, by the author's own definition of race, becomes either an abstraction or else a new Chaos of Peoples.

However, it is not necessary to think with Mr. Chamberlain that we Teutons are the people and that wisdom will die with us, in order to find his book of value. It is of great value,—among historical works, likely to rank with the most significant of the nineteenth century. Its high value does not reside in the most general theories, the universal formulas, along which the main argument travels, but rather in the suggestive and penetrating things said by the way. One despairs of conveying any adequate idea of the intellectual mastery of many diverse subjects which the book reveals, or of the profound reflection by which the author has avoided the taint of erudition without ceasing to be learned, or the penetrating insight and the keen analysis, the brilliant originality, the trenchant humor, which give the work its distinction and its fascination. It should not be one of the books that are, as Emile Faguet says of the *Encyclopédie*, more celebrated than known. It should be read. But it should be read with an open mind. If the reader can drop for the moment any notions of history, science, religion, art or politics that he may have formed, he will assuredly find it, as Lord Redesdale has found it, "a simple delight—fulfilling the highest function of which a teacher is capable, that of awakening thought and driving it into new channels."

CARL BECKER.

ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH RAMBLES OF A POET.*

Uniform with the new, enlarged, and illustrated edition of Mr. William Winter's "Shakespeare's England," published last autumn, there now issue from the same publishing house a much amplified and handsomely illustrated edition of "Gray Days and Gold" and a new work entitled "Over the Border." The former book, in its original trigesimo-secundo form, "has passed through more than fifteen large editions," writes Mr. Winter in his new preface, at the same time making a slight bibliographical mistake in ascribing the date 1892 to the first American issue of the little classic, which really appeared in the Christmas holiday season of 1890. In reshaping his material, the author has withdrawn the sketches of Scottish travel and replaced them with several papers on English themes, first published in "Old Shrines and Ivy" (now long out of print), and has added other sketches not before collected. A great deal of re-writing and correcting has also been done, so that the new "Gray Days and Gold" has comparatively little of the old about it excepting the sunshine of the author's manner and the freshness of his view of the hoary and the historic.

Into the new book, "Over the Border," have gone chapters of the old that pictured scenes north of the Cheviot Hills, and also others subsequently written and taking the reader into the Highlands and to storm-bound Iona. While in the two preceding volumes of this set the evident purpose was to interweave a thread of Shakespearean interest, in the third or Scottish volume it is, appropriately enough, the author of "Waverley" who is made to supply the warp of association for Mr. Winter's woof of narrative and description.

Turning to one of the distinctly Shakespearean chapters of the "Gray Days," a chapter entitled "Rambles in Arden," we have not long to hunt before hitting upon a bit of gold of the author's thought and fancy. A ramble to Wootton, six miles from Stratford, moves him to the following reflections:

> "The actual life of all places, when you come to know it well, proves to be, for the most part, conventional, commonplace, and petty. Human beings, with here and there an exception, are dull, each, in that respect, resembling the other, and each needlessly laborious to increase the resemblance. In this regard all parts of the world are alike, and therefore the happiest traveller is he who keeps mostly alone, and uses his eyes, and communes with his thoughts. The actual life of Wootton is, doubtless, much like that of other hamlets, a bickering tenor of church squabbles, village gossip, and discontented grumbling, diversified with feeding, drinking, cricket, golf, lawn tennis, matrimony, birth, and death. But as I looked around upon the group of nestling cottages, the broad meadows, green and cool in the shadow of densely mantled trees, and the ancient church, gray and faded with antiquity, slowly crumbling amid the everlasting vitality of Nature, I felt that here, perhaps, might be discovered a permanent haven of refuge from the incessant platitude and triviality of ordinary experience and the empty strife and din of the world."

Of course another visitor to the places in Mr.

*GRAY DAYS AND GOLD. By William Winter. Illustrated. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

OVER THE BORDER. By William Winter. Illustrated. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

Winter's itinerary might easily find the people, individually and collectively, vastly more interesting than the historic scenes and noble buildings which have kindled the writer's enthusiasm. Few have the faculty of seeing all that there is to see and enjoy in a tour of England, or of any other country. Confining ourselves, therefore, to what most appeals to our present conductor, let us take a look at the renovated Shakespeare Church, of which, in a chapter not found in the earlier editions of his work, the author takes occasion to say:

"Now that so many old things have been made new, the devotees of Shakespeare may be asked what it is of which they think they have reason to complain. Their answer is ready. They wanted to have the church repaired; they did not want to have it rebuilt. The Shakespeare Church is a national monument. More than that,—it is a literary shrine for all the world. There was an indescribable poetic charm about the old edifice, which had been bestowed upon it not by art, but by time. That charm should have been left untouched. Nothing should ever have been done to impair it. The building had acquired character. It had become venerable with age, storied with association, and picturesque with quaintness. . . . Above all, it had enshrined, for nearly three hundred years, the ashes of the greatest poet that ever lived. All that was asked was that it should be left alone. To repair it in certain particulars became a necessity, but to alter it was to do an irreparable harm. That harm has been done; and it is that which the Shakespeare enthusiast resents and deplores."

Then follow the author's expressions of "amazement and sorrow" as he surveys the "modern improvements," and his description of the more striking of these changes, which are more or less familiar to all who have visited Stratford and its church since 1892.

In another newly-added chapter, on Tennyson, Mr. Winter gives eloquent utterance to his admiration for the poet, without trying, apparently, to string him on to the Shakespearean thread of the book; but that matters not. The secret of Tennyson's greatness reveals itself to him somewhat as follows:

"The transcendent attributes of power that Tennyson's poems disclose are heart and imagination. Their vitality of feeling, never shown in discord or tumult, but always present, like the central heat of the sun, is colossal, and, looking back on the current of his years and the incessant fertility of his achievement, it is not less than marvellous that such intense emotion should have kept itself alive in him for so long a time. Almost to the end his voice was a clarion and his pen was fire. In his poem of 'Locksley Hall Sixty Years After' there is the same strain of noble, impassioned feeling,—loftier, grander, more predominant and more august, if possible,—that burns in the 'Locksley Hall' of his vigorous, splendid youth. He did not need to go out of himself for inspiration. The flame leaped from within. The altar was never darkened and never cold. Every influence that the experience and environment of his life could liberate became tremulous with sensibility and eloquent with meaning, the moment it touched his mind. It was as if the wandering breeze derived warmth, fragrance, and deathless melody from only sweeping the strings of the harp that had been placed to receive its caress."

As a companion piece to this we select from the second of the two volumes under review a passage from Mr. Winter's glowing tribute to the genius of Scott:

"If ever there was a man who lived to be and not to seem, that man was Walter Scott. He made no pretensions. He claimed nothing, but he simply and earnestly earned all. His means were the oldest and the best,—self-respect, hard work, and fidelity to duty. The development of his nature was slow, but it was thorough and it was salutary. He was not hampered by precocity and he was not spoiled by conceit. He acted according to himself, honoring his individuality and obeying the inward monitor of his genius. But, combined with the delicate instinct of a gentleman, he had the wise insight, foresight, and patience of a philosopher, and therefore he respected the individuality of others, the established facts of life, and the settled conventions of society. His mind was neither embittered by revolt nor sickened by delusion.

A very readable chapter of "Over the Border" is devoted to a sojourn, lengthened by stress of weather from a few hours to five days, in the island of Iona, which is described as three miles long by one and a half wide at its widest, and as supporting a population of about two hundred, who maintain a church and a school, and, in the school building, a library of nearly five hundred volumes, to which Mr. Winter has added another hundred. In further description of this happy land we read:

"The inhabitants are generally religious and are orderly, courteous, and gentle. No physician dwells in the place and no resident of it is ever sick. Death may come by drowning or by other accident, but, as a rule, the people live until they are worn out, and so expire, naturally, from extreme age. The Gaelic language, although it is dying away in the Highlands, is still spoken in Iona. The minister, preaching on alternate Sundays at Iona and at Bunessan, in Mull, speaks in English first, and then repeats his discourse in Gaelic, or he reverses that order, and for both sermons he has an audience. It was my good fortune to hear his discourse in company with about fifty other persons, seated on wooden benches in a whitewashed room, and I have not heard a preacher more devout, earnest, sincere, and simple. . . . The Presbyterian house of worship was built in 1830, and it is a primitive sort of structure, now much dilapidated; but in every attribute that should appertain to the character of a clergyman its minister would do honor to the finest church in the kingdom."

Not only in this journey to the Hebrides, but also in a visit to Lichfield (described in the other volume) does the author cross the track of Dr. Johnson, to whom he pays appropriate tribute, to the advantage and entertainment of

the reader. Other men of letters encountered in his pages, and probably far more interesting to him, are Moore, Byron, Wordsworth, Gray, Burns, and Matthew Arnold. There is occasional appropriate use of poetic quotation, according to Mr. Winter's pleasant custom, but the group of original poems appended to the earlier edition of "Gray Days and Gold" is not found in this latest issue, possibly because these poems have in the meantime been accorded a more fitting place in the author's complete poetical works. The abundant views and portraits in the two volumes combine with the large and clear typography and beautiful binding to make the books as satisfying in appearance as they are excellent in literary quality.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

THE NEEDLESS MAKING OF LAWS.*

A few years ago, when Judge Alton B. Parker, in the midst of so much anti-trust agitation and legislation, declared that very little trust legislation was needed and that the corporations could be controlled by the enforcement of the common law by state judiciary, he was practically laughed out of court. After reading Professor Stimson's treatise on "Popular Law-Making," one may still not agree with Judge Parker, but one will at least see that there is something to be said on his side of the controversy. The author certainly shows that ills popularly supposed to be modern are hoary with age, and that the laws intended to check these evils are but re-statements of acts of Parliament passed centuries ago, or re-statements of the common law. For example, he shows that "all contracts in unreasonable restraint of trade were always unlawful in England and are so therefore by our common law." The first use of the expression "restraint of trade" occurs in 1436, when companies were forbidden to charge prices for their wares "for their own profit and to the common hurt of the people."

The only necessity then, thinks Professor Stimson, for anti-trust legislation by Congress is merely to extend the principles of the common law to inter-state commerce and to impose proper penalties. So far, he thinks, "we have found nothing new, either in remedy or offense." Indeed, we are still behind our ancestors; for they made an exception of reasonable restraint of trade, but the Sherman act does not. In the matter of penalties, we simply fine the Beef Trust the paltry sum of $25,000, though the forestaller of 1352 must forfeit the surplus over cost to the crown and suffer imprisonment for two years. However, it should be added that the Federal Government is at last waking up to the inadequacy of fines and is giving more attention to criminal prosecutions.

A few examples to illustrate the similarity between ancient and modern legislation will be of interest. One of the greatest evils we have had to fight has been the discrimination in rates for transportation; back in the fourteenth century a ferryman was punished for charging less for the ferriage of a large drove of sheep than for a smaller number, "contrary to the common custom of the realm." To-day we look with a sort of admiring wonder on a Leiter or a Patton when he attempts to "corner" any particular commodity — at least we did until very recently; in the middle ages this was called "forestalling" or "regrating," and was a great offense, — indeed, Bishop Hatto paid for it with his life. Happily, we are getting back to the mediæval idea, and the demand for legislation against gambling in "futures" to "the common hurt of the people" is becoming more insistent, especially on the part of the cotton planter in the South and the consumers of wheat bread. Certainly it ought to apply to such staple articles of food as beef, pork, and wheat. The "Iowa idea," thought to have been originated by Senator Cummins, that when a trust gets complete control of any industry its surplus profits should be forfeited to the state, either by means of a franchise tax or by abolishing the tariff on that article, dates back to a fourteenth-century statute which declared that all who bought up all the foreign product of any article must forfeit all the profits to the state. If to the Oklahoma law requiring hotels to furnish sheets nine feet long, we add the statute of 1495 regulating abuses in stuffing feather beds, perhaps legislation on that subject will be complete.

In this striking way Professor Stimson has brought before the reader the similarity between the evils and the legislation of the past and present. But even where not enlivened in this way, the book is no mere enumeration of dry facts. It sets forth in a readable style the early laws relating to labor, such as fixing wages, compulsory labor, trades unions, etc., and the laws against combinations in restraint of trade and against trusts. Far more atten-

* POPULAR LAW-MAKING. A Study of the Origin, History, and Present Tendencies of Law-Making by Statute. By Frederick Jesup Stimson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

tion is given to modern, especially American, legislation. Here we have, in very concise and usable form, the main legislation on property rights, rates and prices, monopolies, corporations, and the whole problem of labor. Nor does the author merely summarize the laws; he also enlivens them with discriminating comment and criticism.

The Dartmouth College case exercised a beneficent influence in its day in strengthening nationalism; but it also had a baneful influence in strengthening vested interests. Mainly because of the former, perhaps, it has exercised a strange sort of fascination over our judges, so that they have been unwilling to reverse it by name, though they have rendered a number of decisions not only inconsistent with it, but diametrically opposed to it. For example, Massachusetts granted a perpetual franchise to a corporation to make beer (1827), and later passed a law that no corporation should make beer; likewise, Minnesota granted a perpetual franchise to a railroad to fix its own fares, and then took away the right, and the later laws were upheld in both cases. In this way, under the police power, of which the states cannot divest themselves, we are making waste paper of the Dartmouth College decision, Fletcher vs. Peck, and other cases which purported to be based on that clause of the Constitution which forbids any state to pass any law impairing the obligation of a contract. Also, if a citizen of Pennsylvania who marries his cousin in Delaware and then returns to Pennsylvania finds his marriage void and himself guilty of a criminal offense, it looks as if we were tearing to tatters that clause which says that full faith and credit shall be given in each state to the public acts, records, and judicial proceedings of the several states.

Some of the author's conclusions will hardly be accepted by many. Most people probably will not go so far as he in assuming that the common law is adequate to the ills of to-day, considering the tremendous economic and social changes which have taken place since it was fixed, unless we are to allow our judges to go on making common law. Strangely enough, he would reject the Sherman anti-trust law because it "dispenses with a jury and throws unnecessarily upon the court — a distant high court of appeals — the burden of determining a complicated and voluminous mass of fact." Surely a court, even a distant court of appeals, is more competent to do this than an ordinary jury "of the vicinage."

While this book is very readable, some of the English to which it introduces us must be the king's, for the writer cannot believe that it is Taft's — that is, American. If he should venture to say "certain definite named trades," surely he would not perpetrate "the very most skilful," or write "while the Buffalo case at most only a geographical one." DAVID Y. THOMAS.

CURIOSITIES OF DRESS IN ENGLAND.*

A study of the costumes of past ages is of more than ordinary interest to a large number of people, including artists, actors, and students of history and literature; and probably in no other country can this study be pursued with more satisfactory results than in England, where there has never been a distinctive national costume adopted and maintained, where fashions have undergone many changes, and in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries reached the highest pitch of extravagance as regards sleeves, farthingales, collars, shoes, and head-dress. Hitherto among the numerous writers upon the subject, Mr. F. W. Fairholt has been regarded as the greatest authority, and his work on "Costume in England" is still cited by whoever enters the field of his studies. The authors of the two volumes before us have adopted distinct modes of treatment of apparently the same subject, namely, the changing fashions of dress to which the people of England of the various classes were from time to time subjected from the earliest historic period down to the nineteenth century; and the success to which each has attained in presenting a history of costumes suggests that the history of dress is not an exact science and the field is still open for students to develop other phases of a very broad subject.

Mr. Clinch's view-point is clearly that of the antiquary, and his effort is to describe the dress of all classes of people. He is accordingly inclined to use with caution the illustrative material derived from effigies found on monumental sculptures and memorial brasses; for he finds that costume is made to represent in such memorials, symbolically and conventionally, the rank and the profession or condition

* ENGLISH COSTUME, from Prehistoric Times to the End of the Eighteenth Century. By George Clinch, F.S.A. Scot., F.G.S. Illustrated. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

BRITISH COSTUMES DURING XIX CENTURIES (Civil and Ecclesiastical). By Mrs. Charles H. Ashdown, Lecturer upon Costume and Mediæval Head-dresses, Expert Adviser upon costumes to several of the great Pageants, etc. Illustrated. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

of life of the wearer, and not his ordinary every-day dress. So, while not neglecting the special formal and professional dress of the period of which he writes, but wishing to be more accurate in his description of the dress of the people in their less self-conscious hours, he relies more upon contemporary illuminations and paintings which depict the people when not on dress-parade and while pursuing their ordinary avocations. He finds documentary evidence of what people wore, in ancient wills and inventories, which not only give the names of articles of dress now obsolete, but describe them and tell of what materials they were made. He is fortunate also in many cases to find in museums actual costumes, preserved from remote times, upon which he can bestow a careful study. So, after presenting in three chapters the data available regarding the dress of the prehistoric inhabitants of the island, and showing something of the development of clothing, and the influence of the Roman, Anglo-Saxon, and Norman occupation of the country upon the dress of the people, he classifies the later dress of the English by centuries, from the twelfth to the eighteenth inclusive, and devotes a chapter to each century. Such a classification is purely arbitrary and conventional, and fails to account for the influences operating from time to time to change the fashion of clothing, both for men and women, to a remarkable degree; yet it seems to serve his convenience, his purpose apparently being to describe accurately the dress worn at a certain period without attempting to give the reason for its taking that form at that particular time. His remaining chapters are devoted to a consideration of Mediæval and later garments; Military, Ecclesiastical, Monastic, Academic, and Legal costume; Coronation and Parliamentary robes, and the robes of the orders of Chivalry, etc.,—the matter for these chapters being arranged in encyclopædic form and generally in alphabetical order.

Mrs. Ashdown's point of view is that of an expert adviser in the various great pageants which have taken place in England of late years. It is the spectacular value of the costumes of the past which attracts her attention, and she pays great respect to the memorial brasses, regarding them as furnishing more authentic information of the dress of the people than all other sources put together. Her classification of fashions is by the reigning sovereigns, which seems rational, for a change of sovereign undoubtedly resulted in changes in the fashions of dress; and she attempts a classification of the costume of ladies based upon the style of head-dress, without, however, giving a very plausible reason therefor. With exceeding patience, she describes in order the changes of fashion which took place in each succeeding reign in the attire of both men and women. Ecclesiastical costume she treats in a separate division of her book, confining her comments to that of the Saxon and Angevin periods, ending with the latter part of the thirteenth century when the various articles of ecclesiastical dress are supposed to have been fully developed. A glossary of less than five pages at the end of the text explains the nature of the materials used for clothing in the Middle Ages, some of the names of which have become obsolete.

Both books include under the term "costume" everything resorted to for the adornment of the person—rings, bracelets, chains, jewelry, and even the dressing of the hair and the trimming of the beard; and both give due attention to garments for purposes of official, professional, or ecclesiastical distinction. It is curious to note, however, that while both writers refer more or less explicitly to the sumptuary laws of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, which prohibited handicraftsmen and yeomen from wearing clothes of greater value than "40 shillings the whole cloth," and restricting the "use of cloth of gold or purple colour" and purple silk to the King and his immediate family, they scarcely mention the act passed in 1679 requiring the burial of the dead in woollen, intended to lessen "the importation of linen from beyond the seas, and for the encouragement of the woollen and paper manufactures of the Kingdom," which must have had a marked effect upon the costume of the people.

The value of these volumes is greatly enhanced by their illustrations. These are principally sketches, drawings, and photographs from tombs and brasses, from miniatures in illuminated manuscripts, and from historical paintings and portraits; to which are added, in Mrs. Ashdown's book, colored plates photographed from "examples" worn by models. Altogether, there are about seven hundred illustrations; and these, with the descriptive text, glossaries, and other aids, provide the reader with the means of forming mental pictures of the men and women mentioned by English writers from the time of Chaucer down, and of appreciating the ridiculous extravagancies to which the fashions of dress at times carried the English people.

ARTHUR HOWARD NOLL.

Briefs on New Books.

Old English musical instruments.

Music is now evidently turning from creation to reflection, from production to analysis. While the era of creation is not over, it seems clear that the method of the masters is beginning to be subjected to critical study, and the historical evolution of music is entering upon the scientific phase of its understanding and exposition. So the study of the origin and development of musical instruments has assumed new proportions and significance. The great nations have produced orchestras individualized and differentiated; the instruments have not been the same; the effects have been varied. It has been an achievement of comparatively recent times to establish an orchestra that is inclusive and dominant. In Mr. Francis W. Galpin's "Old English Instruments of Music" (McClurg) we have a treatment of the subject in every way adequate and at the same time interesting. The author has given us an important chapter in the evolution of the modern orchestra; he has put under contribution sculpture, architecture, painting, as well as the printed sources of information; he has delved in old libraries and conned difficult manuscripts; he has examined ancient scores requiring translation into the modern notation; he has visited the museums, with their collections of crude and tentative instruments. The result is decidedly noteworthy. Mr. Galpin says: "The musical development of the human race has been divided by some writers into three stages. In the first our forefathers delighted themselves with the rhythmic beat of the drum, in the second they made merry with the cheerful strains of the pipe, in the third they began to appreciate the subtle refinements of the stringed instrument." In the execution of his theme Mr. Galpin follows the reverse order. He treats first of the old English stringed instruments, — rote, crowd, rebec, mandore, virginal; then he discusses the wind instruments, — recorders, shawms, sackbuts, organs positive and portative; next the percussion instruments, primitive and least important, — tabers, nakers, cymbals, chimes; finally the consort, — the way in which these instruments were brought together, making an orchestra so specialized that it may be denominated an English orchestra. The story is carried to the middle of the eighteenth century, when the early and narrowly distinctive features of the consort developed into the splendid resources of mature music, — the orchestra to whose highest achievements we are listening now. The subject is elaborated with a wealth of illuminating material and references to other lands and times, an intimate acquaintance with the literature of the changing instruments, that imply the devotion of many years. The publishers have fully seconded the work of the author, and enhanced each topic with admirable and curious illustrations. The book is further enriched with a copious and valuable bibliography.

A tribute to our greatest humorist.

From childhood's happy hour to the present time, Mr. Archibald Henderson has been an eager reader of Mark Twain, to whom he now pays worthy tribute in a very readable study of his life and work, entitled simply, "Mark Twain" (Stokes). "My personal association with Mr. Clemens," he relates in his preface, "comparatively brief though it was — an ocean voyage, meetings here and there, a brief stay as a guest in his home — gave me at last the justification for paying the debt which, with the years, had grown greater and more insistently obligatory. I felt both relief and pleasure when he authorized me to pay that debt by writing an interpretation of his life and work." He groups his matter under four headings, — "The Man," "The Humorist," "The World-Famed Genius," and "Philosopher, Moralist, Sociologist." In the first of these sections he carries the biographical outline to the point where Mr. Howells has taken it up in "My Mark Twain," and in all of them he draws skilfully both on his personal memories of the humorist and on a variety of less direct but not necessarily less authentic sources of information. Naturally the tenor of his pages is prevailingly panegyric, and few readers will not delight to go all the way with him in his praise of one whom he links with Walt Whitman as distinctly and supremely American in his contribution to universal literature. But he need not in the same breath have ascribed only "derivative genius" to Emerson and Hawthorne. From Mr. Henderson's memories of Mark Twain, which contribute no little to the charm of his books, the following may here be quoted: "Samuel Langhorne Clemens impressed me as the most complete and human individual I have ever known. He was not a great thinker; his views were not 'advanced.' The glory of his temperament was its splendid sanity, balance, and normality. The homeliest virtues of life were his — the republican virtue of simplicity; the domestic virtue of personal purity and passionately simple regard for the sanctity of the marriage bond; the civic virtue of public honesty; the business virtue of stainless private honor. Mark Twain was one of the supreme literary geniuses of his time. But he was something more than this. He was not simply a great genius: he was a great man." Occasional strange words or usages arrest the attention in Mr. Henderson's pages, — as "inveigh" in the sense of "inveigle"; and *intransigéance*, with unaccountable accent; and "comedic"; and "reminiscential," with its archaic and superfluous final syllable. Excellent portraits of Mark Twain, including several in colors, are supplied by Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn, and a fifteen-page bibliography is appended.

Essays for an idle hour.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc's essays, like those of Mr. E. V. Lucas, are of the Elian tradition. Airy persiflage; ironic mockery; speculation, witty, idealistic, curious, but never strenuous; quaint fancies; shyly casual

confessions,—these are the elements out of which Mr. Belloc moulds his dainty trifles, plainly the diversions of his active mind, as they are meant, later, for the diversion of sympathetic readers. Mr. Belloc travels, sketches French cathedrals or English woodlands, communes with follow-tourists and his own soul, wonders, with sober cheerfulness, about the deeper meanings of life, and constructs allegories to satirize some of its follies. Having, in other years, trifled entertainingly "On Nothing" and "On Everything," he now resourcefully puts forth a volume "On Something" (Dutton). Its table of contents is, as always with Mr. Belloc, inviting: "A Plea for the Simple Drama," "On Unknown People," "The Monkey Question: An Appeal to Common Sense," "On Bridges," "The Way to Fairyland," "The Tree of Knowledge,"—these are titles that tempt to a further consideration of the small volume whose dainty size and gay cover give it an appropriately festal spring-tide air. Here are no Chestertonian paradoxes, no double-edged Shavian humors, none of Mr. Wells's shifting dissatisfactions with things as they are. Mr. Belloc finds the world on the whole pretty good; to him the things you cannot understand are not causes for complaint but objects of interest; the things you do not like furnish agreeable contrasts to those you do. For instance, a lying guide-book in a hotel at Palma leads Mr. Belloc to the planning of a delectable guide-book by himself, wherein shall be recorded valuable truths about hotels where the landlords are nice, about the difficulties of negotiating harbors in small craft, the joy of climbing ordinary mountains, and "how to make men pleasant to you according to their climate and country." In comparing the delights of historical study with those of travel, Mr. Belloc notes that both attract by "the element of discovery and surprise, notably in little details." We suspect that Mr. Belloc might accept the same formula as summarizing his pleasure in life, and consequently as the keynote to his literary expression. Those who prefer the well-beaten tracks, the large effects, and the grand manner, will not care for Mr. Belloc. But leisurely collectors of the small oddities, the obscure finenesses, and the little-considered savours and qualities of life will welcome "On Something," and will even respectfully suggest the pleasant possibility of another year's sheaf of sketches "On Something More."

Observations of an American in the Far East.

It is a far cry from "The Southern South" to "The Obvious Orient," yet Professor Albert Bushnell Hart emerges from the new field covered by the latter volume (Appleton) with his reputation as a careful observer and impartial critic still unimpaired. Not everyone who travels the broad highway around the world can write a book en route. Fortunately there are few who set themselves such a task. And yet the observations and impressions of one of our foremost students of history and politics are bound to be of interest and value to those who would study so many-sided a subject as the Far East. Professor Hart spent the greater part of a year during 1908–9 on a world tour from east to west. At the time he contributed a series of special articles to the Boston "Transcript," and the present volume reproduces these articles with certain editorial changes. Beginning with the American Northwest, to which six chapters are devoted, the narrative includes notes on Japan, China, the Philippines, Straits Settlements, Ceylon, and Egypt. The chapters on Japan and China show that Professor Hart had exceptional opportunities for investigation, and that he availed himself of them,—a day in a court in Shanghai, for, example, affords the material for a most interesting chapter. Valuable also are the chapters on Japanese politics and Chinese administration. Throughout this discussion the author's attitude is notably fair and generous. "The advantages of peace and a respectful treatment and recognition of the greatness of Japan and China, are national assets which should be carefully conserved by American statesmen." In the Philippines Professor Hart was impressed with the great improvements of the past ten years and with the admirable administration which the amateur colonizers have established there. "Not a State in the Union has such good articulation between the central authority and the local, such safeguards against robbery of the treasury and also against the crime of putting weak and incompetent men into power. Probably no State in the Union has brought about such changes in the order and prosperity of the community in a single period of ten years." "Certainly it is a genuinely altruistic attempt to carry Western civilization where it is sorely needed." Chapters on "The Pax Britannica," "The Paradise of Ceylon," and "The Delusions of Egypt" conclude a volume which is always good reading and which presents a considerable body of useful information. Some of the statements, however, are not altogether trustworthy, the editing having failed to remove a number of minor errors.

Rambles in and about the land of books.

Frankly pleading guilty to the charge of "rambling along with the irresponsibility and indirection of a child playing hookey," Mr. Adrian Hoffman Joline discourses wittily, and with abundance of illustrative anecdote, on a pleasing variety of more or less bookish or learned topics in his volume of "Edgehill Essays" (Badger). Eight papers, beginning with a delightfully aimless saunter "About the Bookshelves," continuing with talks about autographs and their collectors, about Mark Akenside and Francis Jeffrey, and ending with a disquisition on manners and another on the American college of to-day, make up this welcome successor to Mr. Joline's previously published volumes in the same general class of literature. He modestly hesitates to style himself an essayist, since, as Henley has declared, "essayists, like poets, are born and not made." Nevertheless he here proves himself, more

convincingly than ever before, an essayist of the most pleasantly recreative sort. That he believes in both work and recreation, appears from the following, chosen at random as agreeably representative of his style: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, we know; but all play and no work makes Jack a very stupid and silly boy, and Jill comes tumbling after." The longest chapter in the book is that on Jeffrey, which is reinforced with frequent and ample quotation and displays no little research. Most characteristic of the author's felicitous style are such shorter essays as the opening and closing ones, and warmly to be commended is his defense of the good old-fashioned college education of the time when Plancus was consul and science and the vocational courses had not become rampant. "No one can justly be called a scholar," asserts Mr. Joline, "who has no knowledge whatever of Greek or Latin." As is only natural in the unstudied pages of so rapid a writer, slight slips of the pen are not infrequent,—as "George Chesterton" when Gilbert is undoubtedly meant, *meo judice*," and "millinium." One is amused by the rambling essayist's incidental allusion to his "abhorrence of all discursiveness." A more wittily and agreeably discursive author we have seldom had the happiness to encounter.

Excursions to the world of dreams.

Dream books vary from the penny dreadful type to the doctor's dissertation. The public has a considerable interest in knowing what dreams are, and the individual has a particular interest in inquiring what his dreams mean. Dreams are like stories: the ones we ourselves tell are the best, and those of others strangely dull. The personal interest distorts the interpretation of dreams; and yet all expeditions to the world of dreams must be personally conducted. To satisfy the popular tourist's interests, and yet do justice to the scientific explorations, requires the combined services, in one, of a guide, philosopher, and friend,—the sympathy of the last being especially necessary in the nebulous law of dreams. Mr. Havelock Ellis's "The World of Dreams" (Houghton) answers these purposes rather better than any similar volume yet issued. The analysis of dreams proceeds psychologically, is presented freshly and with due appreciation of recent contributions, and the conclusions are judiciously stated. The style is popular, the coördination good, the illustrations apt, the freedom from misleading suggestions commendable. The most widely discussed of recent dream theories is that bearing the name of Dr. Freud. He holds that dreams are saturated or flavored with motive, albeit frequently composed of emotions suppressed and content disguised. Dreams are not trivial, because the seemingly trivial is significant, and may be ominous. Dreams reveal, and reveal the subconscious; the under-world debris of rejected material becomes the corner stone of the dream temple. The abnormal evidence for the view is rather striking, the normal less so. Mr. Ellis judges both fairly. Dreams offer no single formula of exposition; they are of many minds. It takes a series of chapters to set forth the elements, the emotions, the logic, the sensations, the symbolism, the memory, the motives of dreams. The most comprehensive principle is the oneness, amid diversity and contrast, of the dreaming and the waking thinker. Mr. Ellis's book is not a systematic account of the psychology of dreams, and still less of the dream-processes. It is a judicious selection of excursions to the world of dreams, well suited to guide and reward the reader's interest.

A redoubtable soldier of fortune.

It is not too much to say that in "The War Maker" (McClurg), which is offered as "the true story of Captain George B. Boynton," Mr. Horace Smith presents as extraordinary and thrilling a narrative of filibustering and military and naval adventure of various sorts as can be found in recent literature. Taken down from the lips of Boynton himself, shortly before his peaceful death in New York last January, the story is told in the first person with all the jaunty arrogance, the unblushing complacency in more than questionable exploits, the exultation in dare-deviltry, that distinguish his forty years of violence and bloodshed and hair-breadth escape from death in many forms. "Snicker-snack" goes his "vorpal blade" through all sorts of formidable foes, and he ever comes "galumphing back" with the joyousness of him who slew the Jabberwock. Many of his deeds have long since become matters of history, and it is also known that the name he has made famous round the world is an assumed one. Who he really was, beyond the fact that he was the son of a wealthy New York surgeon, and was born in 1842, remains still to be discovered. His story contains love and romance as well as blockade-running, pirate-chasing, slave-dealing, revolution-fomenting, and many other kinds of desperate adventure. He is said to be the original of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's "Soldier of Fortune," and from him Mr. Guy Boothby got the framework of his novel, "The Beautiful White Devil." This latter personage appears in Mr. Smith's book as the leading character in a chapter of unusual interest. Emphatically, "The War Maker" is a book for lovers of adventure to read.

Women and the poets.

Whoever attempts to bring within the compass of one volume a satisfactory exposition of the influence that women have exerted upon poets is a bold, not to say a rash, man. But when Mr. Edward Thomas in his "Feminine Influence on the Poets" (Lane) gives space to a chapter on "Women as Poets," and considers such topics as the "Inspiration of Poetry," "Women, Nature, and Poetry," and the like, besides devoting five chapters to women as mothers, friends, mistresses, and patronesses in their influence upon poets,—then he is sinking into dilettanteism. It is manifestly impossible to consider within a single volume even the chief poets

in this respect. Very few of them did not feel in one way or another the influence of women, and merely to point out that fact with a few not strikingly original comments does not add much to our comprehension of what feminine influence means. It was one thing to the poet of the court of love, another to the Elizabethan sonnetteer and the Caroline lyrist, still another (if not almost negligible) to the neo-classicist, and something quite different to the romanticist. It would be interesting and not without profit to analyze these various influences, as shown in the works of the leading poets of their periods. Mr. Thomas merely hints at the differences,—as when he points out the characteristic flavor of Spenser's "Epithalamium," but he does not treat the subject as much more than a personal matter between the poet and his friend or mistress, or whatever she was to him. The work does not come to a head or give any unified impression of what this influence has meant in the development of poetry. We hear much of the eternal Mary Fitton, of Cowper's mother, of Shelley's Harriet and her successors in his idealized affection, of Wordsworth's Dorothy, and of Byron's polyglot rout; but with all these the biographies have made us familiar to the point of weariness. What we should like to have, and what Mr. Thomas has by no means given us, is a comprehensive treatment of what feminine influence has meant in the making of poetry or in the marring of it.

Rome under Sixtus the fifth.

In his study entitled "Sixtine Rome" (Baker & Taylor Co.) Dr. J. A. F. Orbaan writes about the papal city, not in the days of Sixtus IV., as many laymen would expect, but of Sixtus V., who was at the head of the Church for five years, beginning with 1585. Although he was an old man at his succession, his restless energy made tremendous changes in Rome during his brief incumbency, and the modern visitor to the city encounters his work at every turn. Unfortunately, his constructive zeal was not tempered by any wise concern for the monuments of antiquity, and he often found himself building with one hand and tearing down with the other. But he was incessantly active, and he did "change the face of Rome." To his activity, and to various topics arising more or less naturally, Dr. Orbaan devotes nearly three hundred pages, grouping them under the captions: "Porta Furba" (the aqueducts and fountains), "The Sixtine Chapel in Santa Maria Maggiore," "The Vatican Library," "Domenico Fontana" (describing the career of this versatile architect, with a detailed account of the famous setting up of the obelisk in the square of St. Peter's), and "The Destruction of the Septizonium." The author is genuinely interested in his subject, and has worked over his evidence with patient enthusiasm. But it is not easy to say that he has manifested a just sense of proportion. Furthermore, much of the material presented is such as would be of significance only to readers who are specially interested in the period, whereas the presentation obviously keeps the general reader in mind; so that the volume incurs the danger of not being technical enough for the close student or popular enough for the many. The illustrations and typography are excellent.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Mr. W. P. Jervis, author of "The Encyclopedia of Ceramics" and other works on the potter's art, has arranged in book form a series of interesting papers on pottery-making and its history, first printed serially, under the general title "A Pottery Primer." The book is issued by the O'Gorman Publishing Co., New York.

The "Centenary" edition of Dickens, now in course of publication by the Messrs. Scribner, is to occupy thirty-six volumes, twelve of which are now at hand. Its features are a generous page, a readable typography, the reproduction of the original illustrations and prefaces, and, not least important, the moderate price of one dollar a volume. It is as good value for the money as is often to be had.

A study in German romanticism having Karl Lebrecht Immermann for its central figure is the work of Dr. Allen Wilson Porterfield, and is published at the Columbia University Press. As Professor Calvin Thomas says of Immermann in his introductory note, "the many-sidedness of his talent, his sensitiveness to every breeze that blew, his eager experimentation, make him especially interesting as a mirror of the Romantic epoch."

A volume of "Scenes from Eighteenth Century Comedies," edited by Miss A. Barter, is published (with educational intent) by the Macmillan Co. There are included scenes from "She Stoops to Conquer" and "The Rivals," and scenes from the less familiar "The West Indian" by Richard Cumberland, "The Belle's Stratagem" by Mrs. Cowley, and "The Heir at Law" by George Colman the younger. There are a few notes, besides a brief introduction.

So wide-spread has become the collecting of antique furniture and antique objects of all sorts, that a book of advice is now offered by Mr. F. Frankfort Moore called "The Common Sense Collector" (Hodder & Stoughton). It appeals not to those persons who collect for the sake of owning a collection, but to those who collect for the sake of beautifying their own homes. Many of these latter will not have a great deal of money to spend, and therefore must try to get full value for every penny. Mr. Moore's volume tells them "How to Begin," "How to Buy," discusses the matter of "Odd Lots," and offers some "Common Sense Cautions." Fifty-one illustrations are included of articles owned or rooms furnished by the author, based on the policy outlined in the book.

In commemoration of the Bible tercentenary, the Oxford University Press has published an exact reprint in roman type, page for page, of the authorized version as published in 1611. The work is edited by Mr. Alfred W. Pollard, who supplies an elaborate bibliographical and historical introduction. The work is printed on Oxford India paper. It must not be forgotten that the books of the Apocrypha were included in this original edition. At the same time, Mr. Pollard has edited a companion work entitled "Records of the

English Bible," which gives reproductions of no less than sixty-three documents, beginning with Wyclif and Tyndale, relating to the history of Bible translation into English. Some of the documents have never before been printed, and the collection constitutes a source book of the greatest value.

Two teachers in Wellesley College, Miss Alice Vinton Waite and Miss Edith Mendall Taylor, have published through the Messrs. Appleton a volume entitled "Modern Masterpieces of Short Prose Fiction." The book is intended for students. It includes fourteen stories, of which six are Continental, four English, and four American, besides two of the familiar folk-tales of Joel Chandler Harris. It also contains, for some inexplicable reason, a translation of Ibsen's "Doll's House."

A new translation of the "Antigone," by Professor Joseph Edward Harry, is published by the Robert Clarke Co. The translation was made for a special performance of the tragedy given a few weeks ago in Cincinnati. It bears the impress of Jebb, and is marked by a few borrowings from Shakespearean phraseology. We have at the same time a translation of the "Œdipus Rex," by the hand of Professor Gilbert Murray, published at the Oxford University Press. The translator has dealt somewhat more literally with his Sophocles than with his Euripides, but we do not notice that he has become less felicitous as a writer of English poetry. A third classical translation comes to us from the Houghton Mifflin Co., and gives us the epigrams of Martial, translated by Mr. Paul Nixon. This little volume is called "A Roman Wit," a title for which Mr. Nixon gives satisfactory account, being no little of a wit himself.

The latest number in the series of pamphlets on "Modern American Library Economy as illustrated by the Newark, N. J., Free Public Library" is devoted to "The Business Branch," and is prepared by Mr. John Cotton Dana and Miss Sarah B. Ball, the latter being the librarian in charge of the branch. "As far as we know," writes Mr. Dana, "this is the first attempt to meet the needs of business men by placing a branch of a public library in the center of a city and supplying it with books and other material useful to those engaged in trade, manufacture, transportation, insurance, finance, and the like." The recent rapid growth of special libraries and the awakening of interest in their activities make especially timely the appearance of this pioneer work on the subject. It covers seventy-three pages and shows the same care in text and illustrations as do its predecessors in the series. (Elm Tree Press, Newark, N.J.)

Thomas Love Peacock died nearly half a century ago, and it is difficult to adjust our minds to the fact that the friend of Shelley outlived the poet so long. But we supposed at least that the whole of Peacock's work was in our hands, only now learning that the British Museum is the custodian of a large amount of unpublished matter, from which three plays, hitherto unknown, have been rescued. Dr. A. B. Young, Peacock's biographer, is the one to whom we are indebted for "The Plays of Thomas Love Peacock," now published by Mr. David Nutt. In one sense, the discovery is not surprising, considering Peacock's well-known predilection for things of the stage. The plays are entitled "The Dilettanti," "The Circle of Loda" (in verse), and "The Three Doctors." They are not positively dated, but they are approximately a hundred years old. All Peacockians (and they are many) will be delighted with this *trouvaille*, so unexpected as well so welcome.

NOTES.

In the new novel, "Marjorie," upon which he is now at work, Mr. H. G. Wells is said to be turning his attention to the problems of household economy.

An interesting booklet dealing with the life and writings of Mr. Maurice Hewlett is issued by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons for gratuitous circulation.

Mr. Ridgwell Cullum's "The Trail of the Axe," a story of the lumber camps of Western Canada, will be published immediately by Messrs. George W. Jacobs & Co.

Mr. John Masefield's novel, "The Street of To-day," which is attracting marked attention from the English reviewers, will appear in this country with the Dutton imprint.

"Replanning Small Cities: Six Typical Studies," by Mr. John Nolen, Fellow of the American Society of Landscape Architects, is announced by Mr. B. W. Huebsch.

The seventh volume of the "Cambridge History of English Literature," dealing specifically with "The Caroline Age," will be published by Messrs. Putnam within a few weeks.

"Our Country and its People," a new geographical reader by Professor Will S. Monroe and Miss Anna Buckbee, is announced for publication this month by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

"The Journal of a Recluse," an anonymous volume which has attracted considerable attention during the two years since its publication, turns out to be not a translation from the French, as was generally supposed but the work of an American woman.

A series of lectures that will give rise to an interesting volume are those to be delivered at the Sorbonne by Professor W. H. Schofield, according to the custom now established by which a Harvard Professor annually gives a course of lectures in Paris. Professor Schofield intends to treat of the idea of a gentleman in the course of English literature, and he will illustrate his theme mainly by reference to Chaucer, Malory, Spenser, and Shakespeare.

A posthumous book by the late William James, entitled "Some Problems in Philosophy: A Beginning of an Introduction to Philosophy," is to be issued immediately by Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co. This house also announces "The Comic Spirit in George Meredith," by Mr. Joseph Warren Beach; and "Half a Man: The Status of the Negro in New York," by Mary White Ovington, with a "foreword" by Dr. Franz Boas.

Mr. C. R. L. Fletcher and Mr. Rudyard Kipling have written a new school history of England from the earliest times to 1911. The prose narrative is the work of Mr. Fletcher, and Mr. Kipling contributes twenty-three new poems, specially written to illustrate periods and episodes in the tale. Pictures in color and black-and-white will be provided by Mr. Henry Ford. The volume is to be published shortly by the Oxford University Press.

It will be of interest to all admirers of Thackeray to learn of the discovery by Lady Ritchie of two unfinished MSS. by her father, One, entitled "The Knights of Borsellen," is part of a mediæval romance, accompanied by the author's own drawings; while the other MS., "Cockney Travels," describes tours in the west of England by coach and rail, in about 1842. This

new material, which will have its first American publication in "Harper's Magazine," will subsequently be included in the "Centenary Biographical Edition" of Thackeray's works.

The first ten volumes in Messrs. Holt's "Home University Library of Modern Knowledge," recently announced in these columns, will be the following: "The French Revolution," by Hilaire Belloc; "The Irish Nationality," by Mrs. J. R. Green; "Shakespeare," by John Masefield; "A History of War and Peace," by G. H. Perris; "The Socialist Movement," by J. Ramsay MacDonald; "The Stock Exchange," by F. W. Hirst; "Modern Geography," by Marion Newbegin; "Polar Exploration," by W. S. Bruce; "Parliament," by Sir Courtenay P. Ilbert; and "The Evolution of Plants," by D. H. Scott. Similar groups of ten volumes will appear in June, September, and November of this year, and quarterly thereafter until at least one hundred volumes have been issued. Professor William T. Brewster, of Columbia University, is the American editor of the series.

The Oxford University Press announces for issue this month "The 1911 Bible," containing the Authorized Version of 1611, with the text carefully corrected and amended by American scholars. It was felt that in preparing an edition commemorative of the Tercentenary of the Authorized Version, occasion might fitly be found for a careful scrutiny of the text with a view of correcting, in the light of the best modern research, such passages as are recognized by scholars as in any measure misleading, or needlessly obscure. This scrutiny was committed to a committee of thirty-four eminent Hebrew and Greek scholars, representing all of the great evangelical bodies, and many prominent universities and schools of divinity. The result of their labors is, therefore, neither a new translation nor a revision, but a scholarly and carefully corrected text of the historic English Bible, the time-honored Authorized Version.

The "Autobiographical Memoirs of Richard Wagner," to be published in this country by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., will appear in two volumes, comprising the great composer's reminiscences from 1813 to 1864, based on diaries and notes kept uninterruptedly after 1835. The way in which this remarkable autobiography came to be written and kept secret for forty years is a matter of more than usual interest. Between the years 1868 and 1873 Wagner compiled his memoirs from diaries and other memoranda which he had kept for thirty-five years. As these memoirs were extremely frank and discussed not only the affairs of the author, but the affairs and characteristics of prominent people of the time who were well known to the writer, Wagner took the utmost precautions to keep his work a secret. As it was impossible at that time to secure duplicate copies by means of a typewriter, the book was set up by French compositors who did not understand German. Twelve copies were printed and the type was then distributed. Of these twelve copies, eight were entrusted to Frau Cosima Wagner and four copies were distributed among the author's nearest and dearest friends. The greatest care was exercised in the event of the death of any of these five people that the closely guarded memoirs should be turned over to one of the survivors. In this way, the secret was kept so closely that although Wagner died twenty-eight years ago, very few people, even in Germany, have known that his autobiography was in existence.

List of New Books.

[The following list, containing 212 titles, includes books received by The Dial *since its last issue.]*

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

John La Farge: A Memoir and a Study. By Royal Cortissoz. Illustrated in photogravure, 8vo, 268 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $4. net.

Tintoretto. By Evelyn March Phillipps. Illustrated, 172 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $4. net.

From Rough Rider to President. By Max Kullnick; translated from the German by Frederick von Reithdorf, Ph. D. With frontispiece, 12mo, 289 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50 net.

Reminiscences of an Athlete: Twenty Years on Track and Field. By Ellery H. Clark. Illustrated, 12mo, 196 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

Recollections of Abraham Lincoln, 1847-1865. By Ward Hill Lamon; edited by Dorothy Lamon Teillard. Illustrated, 12mo, 337 pages. Washington: Published by the Editor. $1.50.

Queen Margot, Wife of Henry of Navarre. By H. Noel Williams. With photogravure portrait, 8vo, 409 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2. net.

The Real Captain Kidd. By Sir Cornelius Neale Dalton. 12mo, 335 pages. Duffield & Co. $1.25 net.

Dr. Henry Coward, the Pioneer Chorus Master. By J. A. Rodgers. Illustrated, 12mo, 101 pages. John Lane Co. $1. net.

HISTORY.

Louisiana Under the Rule of Spain, France, and the United States, 1785-1807: Social, Economic and Political Conditions of the Territory represented in the Louisiana Purchase, as portrayed in hitherto unpublished contemporary accounts by Dr. Paul Alliot and various Spanish, French, English and American officials. Translated from the original manuscripts, edited and annotated by James Alexander Robertson, L. H. D. 8vo, 400 pages. Cleveland, O.: Arthur H. Clark Co. $10. net.

Narratives of Early Carolina, 1650-1708. Edited by Alexander S. Salley, Jr. With map and a facsimile, 8vo, 388 pages. "Original Narratives of Early American History." Charles Scribner's Sons. $3. net.

Eastern Asia: A History. By Ian C. Hannah, M.A. 8vo, 327 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $2.50 net.

Trails of the Pathfinders. By George Bird Grinnell. Illustrated, 12mo, 460 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

A General Sketch of Political History from the Earliest Times. By Arthur D. Innes. 12mo, 419 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

Secret Societies and the French Revolution, together with Some Kindred Studies. By Una Birch. 12mo, 262 pages. John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

Daniel Webster: A Vindication; with Other Historical Essays. By William Cleaver Wilkinson. 12mo, 419 pages. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.25 net.

A Short History of Europe, from the fall of the Roman Empire to the fall of the Eastern Empire. By Charles Sanford Terry, M.A. 12mo, 288 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Lectures on Literature. By members of the Faculty of Columbia University. Delivered during the academic year 1909-1910. 8vo, 404 pages. Columbia University Press. $2. net.

The Craftsmanship of Writing. By Frederic Taber Cooper. 12mo, 275 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25 net.

A Defense of Prejudice, and Other Essays. By John Grier Hibben, Ph.D. 12mo, 183 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1. net.

Great English Novelists. With Introductory Essays and Notes by William J. Dawson and Coningsby W. Dawson. In 2 volumes, 12mo. Harper & Brothers. Per volume, $1. net.

An Estimate of the Value and Influence of Works of Fiction in Modern Times. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Fred Newton Scott. 16mo, 79 pages. Ann Arbor: Ann Arbor Press. 65 cts.

Success in Literature. By William Morris Colles and Henry Cresswell. 12mo, 360 pages. Duffield & Co. $1.25 net.

The Contagion of Character: Studies in Culture and Success. By Newell Dwight Hillis. 12mo, 332 pages. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.20 net.

The Great Companions. By Henry Bryan Binns. 12mo, 96 pages. B. W. Huebsch. $1. net.

Three Middle English Romances: King Horn, Havelok, and Beves of Hampton. Retold by Laura A. Hibbard. 16mo, 149 pages. London: David Nutt.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

The Works of Charles Dickens. Centenary Edition. New volumes: The Old Curiosity Shop, in two volumes; Hard Times; Christmas Stories; Barnaby Rudge, in two volumes; Great Expectations; Martin Chuzzlewit, in two volumes; Dombey and Son, in two volumes; A Tale of Two Cities. Illustrated, 8vo. Charles Scribner's Sons. Each $1. net.

Sophocles' Œdipus King of Thebes. Translated into English rhyming verse, with explanatory notes, by Gilbert Murray, LL.D. 12mo, 92 pages. Oxford University Press. 75 cts. net.

The Antigone of Sophocles. Translated into English verse by Joseph Edward Harry. 12mo, 69 pages. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke Co. $1. net.

Works of Thomas Hardy. Thin Paper Edition. New volume: The Well. With photogravure frontispiece, 16mo. Harper & Brothers. Leather, $1.25 net.

DRAMA AND VERSE.

The Arrow Maker: A Drama in Three Acts. By Mary Austin. With frontispiece, 12mo, 128 pages. Duffield & Co. $1. net.

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The Woman Who Could: A Play with a Purpose. By Howard V. Sutherland. 12mo, 191 pages. Desmond FitzGerald.

The Tinker's Wedding: A Comedy in Two Acts. By J. M. Synge. 12mo, 52 pages. John W. Luce & Co. 75 cts. net.

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The Wanderer, and Other Poems. By Henry Bryan Binns. With photogravure frontispiece, 16mo, 32 pages. B. W. Huebsch. Paper.

The Porch of Paradise. By Anna Bunston. 12mo, 86 pages. London: Herbert & Daniel.

Three Lays of Marie de France. Retold in English verse by Frederick Bliss Luquiens. 12mo, 63 pages. Henry Holt & Co.

The Sylvan Cabin: A Centenary Ode on the Birth of Lincoln, and Other Verse. By Edward Smyth Jones; with an Introduction by William Stanley Braithwaite. 12mo, 96 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1.

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Via Lucis, and Other Poems. By Alice Harper. 16mo, 63 pages. Nashville: Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South. 80 cts.

Flora's Family. By Marie de Benham. 12mo, 43 pages. New York: Broadway Publishing Co.

Gates of Twilight. By Henry E. Harman. Illustrated, 8vo, 134 pages. Charlotte, N. C.: Stone & Barringer Co.

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